

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In her biographical history of her husband, Lady Isabel Burton tells how, on first meeting Sir Richard, she knew that she would be his wife. It was at Boulogne; she was out driving with friends and he was walking. They met on the dusty road, eyed each other, whereupon, as the carriage bowled away, Lady Isabel turned to her companion and said: "That man will marry me." Years afterwards the bold prophecy was fulfilled. As the occupants of the carriage are probably dead they cannot be cross-examined by anyone inclined to be skeptical as to this bit of prophecy, so the word of Lady Isabel must stand good. It is quite possible, of course, that a young lady should make such a remark, for young ladies are very silly in their talk sometimes. Lady Isabel does not tell us how many other men she spotted at first sight as her future husband. Such little vanities are soon forgotten.

ceive that any other man ever loved as he does. In grief no one else ever grieved so intensely: in suffering, no one else ever was racked with such agony. Look at the Falls of Niagara and suppose that each separate drop of water were endowed with consciousness. Would not each drop as it flew over the precipice, whether dissolved in spray or pounded with terrific force down to the bottom of the bed beneath, consider its own experience unique? Its own pleasures and sorrows would be more acute and engrossing than those of any other in the whole broad torrent. No companion drop would feel such an exquisite thrill, nor would any preceding or succeeding one. Yet if you sit on the bank hour after hour and day after day you will not be able to observe the slightest variation in that endless downpour of water. Even the little spouting stream that shoots through an isolated crevice preserves its eccentricities through the hours, days and years. As the populace of the eternal realms stand on

observant people have noticed it, and you can ascertain it for yourself by enquiring into the private history of writers of the most popular love stories. A woman whose marriage has been a happy one is too well aware that happiness has been the result, mostly, of matter-of-fact causes to rhapsodize on the subject. A divorced woman, on the other hand, finding marriage in her case a failure, attributes it to the lack of heroic and glowing affection in her late husband, and calls up from the past the intangible dreams of her girlhood. She can write on love and depict love scenes that will exquisitely engage thousands of fair readers, but she cannot equal the old maid novelist. Here is a woman who has been seedling the skies for her crop of vegetables. She will write a love story, and from first to last never give her hero one square meal. He may be permitted to nibble cake and sip coffee on the lawn, but sometimes a romance will extend over years without the

unto her. Sometimes she thinks what a fine man he must be, but it is not a man's figure that fills her heart—only the boy as she knew him. If she should meet him now, with whiskers, bald forehead and a bad cigar between his false teeth, she would shriek and place herself under the escort of a policeman. She would not recognize him from any other gross fellow with an indecent acreage of vest. Perhaps some wandering, worthless chap whom you have booted off your doorstep has his boyish memory cherished this way in some old maid's heart, and perhaps the old maid is right, they were designed for each other and the failure of the design spelt the failure of both their lives.

When last before the people the Sunday car question was a comparatively tame issue compared with what it is now. How to account for the increased acrimony unless on the ground that the opponents of the change feel

and hymned out of my church until after this matter is settled, one way or the other. It is not surprising that those who have in this way been "excommunicated" because their honest convictions differ from those of their pastors, should accuse their pastors of offensive self-confidence, if they give it no worse name. It will not be surprising if some fail to recover from the spiritual indignities that have been inflicted upon them in the places where they have long been accustomed to worship. Thousands of those who honestly believe in the means of public conveyance on Sunday are church-going people, trying to live upright lives, to assist the gospel in its good work at home and abroad, and it is not pleasant for these to sit in pews and hear the pulpit accuse them of trying to introduce the continental Sunday, beer-gardens and brothels, and of being enemies to God and all goodness. Such people, in being true to their beliefs and to escape insult, can do



CALLED TO THE LIFEBOAT.

By Albert Starling.

gotten, whereas if there is the smallest peculiarity about the first meeting with the one whom in the end she really marries, a girl will cherish and magnify it into something far beyond the common. When the girl becomes a widow of fifty or sixty the very ordinary trifles that marked that first meeting has grown into a positively supernatural event, and, to hear the old lady tell about it with pious fervor, one is led to suppose that in arranging that love affair the entire business of heaven was suspended for an interval. Yet at the very moment of that first meeting there may have been a million other first meetings the world over, each one every whit as singular, as miraculous and important to those who met as the case in point. Probably there never was a boy who at a certain raw period of his life did not feel that he was the perfect effect the Creator had been striving for since the beginning, and that previous generations had been sent to prepare for the grand finale of his coming. His parents, relatives and friends were mighty nice people, as people went, but, of course, they could not feel so vital with life as he. It is hard to describe the feeling, but any honest reader who has experienced the ebullient thrill of healthy human nature in process of development can recall it for himself. When he is really in love a man is the same way. He cannot con-

cern the banks watching mankind pouring over the cataract of life they may be impressed with a certain grandeur of general effect, but what miserable little atoms of moisture we must seem individually, with all our self-importance. How routine, monotonous and hum-drum our performances as we plunge on our course with all possible display. How inexorable the current that draws us on; how rock-ribbed the channel of our movements, while we in our conceit shout in triumph as we progress and shake defiant hands above our heads. The water, passing over the falls with such noise and consequence, is a good symbol of the passing generation, which, once gone, will be as speedily replaced and as soon forgotten.

There is no subject about which so much humbug is written as that of love; and no other class of humbug does so much good. It is a good thing to etherealize love and to idealize the marriage proposal. It requires a maiden in her teens to dream of a true lover and an heroic courtship, but it requires an old maid of a literary turn to describe these things properly. A happy married woman cannot write fetchingly on such subjects, although divorced wives are almost as good at it as old maids. It would be indelicate to mention names in support of this statement, but many

record showing that the lovers ever ate a bite. Men are not so built. Men eat. Those who don't are dead, and those who only eat a little are half-dead and it requires the patience of a trained nurse to endure them. But this is where all old-maids are amiss, whether they write novels or not. They look up to the clouds for men, not knowing that, like potatoes, men grow in the dirt. The old maid novelist creates a hero who is handsome, gentle, athletic, tender, fond. He is the dream of her youth, doted over until he has become a god. She depicts him on paper and all girl readers join in his worship. The reason why a woman who has never married can write most fascinatingly about love and lovers, is that her ideal has never been dispelled but has been cherished unchanged, save for a tinge of pathos that makes it more vivid and dear to her heart. Though the roses have withered and fallen from her cheeks, and the ruby has faded from her lips, yet, often when alone she dreams of what ought to have been. Generally some boyish acquaintance of her early days whose path led far away from hers, is exalted to the place of honor in her reveries. If fate had not thrown them apart, she thinks their lives would have become one. Through all the years with their many changes she fondles the memory of that boy. He becomes glorified

its approaching shadow upon them, I cannot see. But the heat and unreasonableness is observable on both sides. If you are a moderate man and begin mildly arguing your side of the question with a friend on the cars or boats, you are soon reinforced by some hot-headed bystander whose arguments are absurd and whose temper is very hot. Very few see two sides to the question at all. Those who favor the cars are stigmatized either as workers in the devil's cause or tools of the Street Railway company.

It is doubtful at the present moment whether the great original enemy of souls or President McKenzie is considered the more dangerous fiend by some of the city clergymen. On the other hand those who oppose the Sunday cars are accused of bigotry, hypocrisy, and every motive save honest conviction. It is positive that honest conviction does actuate the great bulk of people on both sides of the dispute. I do not hold a brief to defend the clergy from charges of bigotry and self-seeking in the controversy, but will say that I am sure every clergymen of my personal acquaintance is sincere in opposing the innovation. Believing that the running of public conveyances on Sunday would confer physical benefit upon the people without doing them spiritual injury, it follows that I, like hundreds of others in the city, have been preached, prayed

nothing but remain away from the church they have labored to create and helped to maintain, until the vote is taken, for if they attend they will acquire the bad habit of resenting the preacher and turning sulky ears towards him. If they carry away a reduced quantity of respect for the pastor who showed no respect for their honest convictions, it will be natural.

For reasonable men I would like to submit a few points in a reasonable spirit. (1) Rev. D. J. Macdonnell has written a letter defending the clergy from charges of bigotry. It is not remarkable that they should be accused of intolerance, when, despite the fact that a great many church members favor Sunday cars, the pulpit arbitrarily divides the question into one of God against the devil, heaven against hell. (2) The Ministerial Association decided that the question was one which they as citizens would seize upon; as Rev. Macdonnell puts it, "they should act simply as citizens along with their fellow citizens." The contention sometimes raised that clergymen are not taxpayers and should not interfere in such a matter as this, is boorish. Many of them pay taxes, and those who do not are better fitted to approach most questions than thousands of laymen who pay big tax-bills. To drive their influence, if it were possible, from public affairs would

weaken the social structure. But after deciding to act as citizens the clergy rushed to their pulpits and there, safe from pursuit and exalted above the realm of argument, turned God's house into a committee room for a cause, which they themselves had just declared to be civic. (3) To hear the speakers against Sunday cars one would conclude that this was a struggle between the Street Railway Company on the one hand and Christianity and the City of Toronto on the other. Seven thousand citizens and more, with a spontaneity that was astonishing, signed petitions asking the City Council to put the matter to a vote. To ignore this and put a false face on the movement is scarcely honest. The company will probably benefit from the running of cars; it benefits from running them on week days, but the people benefit most, and the ratio of benefit would be preserved on Sunday. The contingency of Sunday cars was included in the tender of the company when it purchased the road. (4) The statement is made that "every honest man who signed the original petition has since withdrawn his name." This shows how hot and reckless people are becoming in their statements. A score may have withdrawn out of seven thousand. I signed the petition, have not withdrawn my name, and I am an honest man. It is to be hoped that there are others among seven thousand citizens. (5) Some claim that the change would force never day's work on the men. A driver tells me that there are now about eighty of the motormen and conductors who only get from one to three days work per week, and that applicants without number would gladly accept even this partial employment if they could get it. There are hundreds of men in town to-day whose grievance is not "overwork." (6) If it were not for the street cars the well-to-do man would not walk in going to and from and pursuing his business. He would keep a horse, but as modern necessities have evolved the street car as a co-operative conveyance, he foregoes a horse and uses the cars. Had he a horse he would be free as air to use it on the first day of the week as on other days; why, then, should he, by subscribing to the co-operative conveyance which has been found a modern necessity, find himself stranded one day in seven while others drive by him? He is at liberty to withdraw from the co-operative system, buy a rig of his own and rattle about if he chooses. If co-operation is wise for six days, why not for the remaining day? (7) It was argued, when this question was previously up for discussion, that the street car horses would be worked seven days a week. The argument appealed to the humane, and many voted against cars on that ground. The ground has now been reversed. Horses are still. Several hundreds of them were driven sweating about the city last Sunday, whereas electricity may relieve more than half of them if the citizens speak the humane word. These are a few of many points that should be considered without heat and taken for what they are worth.

Ex Premier Mercier of Quebec has been over to Boston and Fall River on one of those periodic visits of French-Canadian politicians, and as usual has stowed away a few square meals and made a few maudlin speeches. He urged his compatriots in the United States to organize as Irishmen had done and raise money to assist in liberating Quebec from the thralldom of English rule. He didn't explain what he proposed doing with the money, but since he was driven from the treasury benches he must feel the need of some public or trust fund with which he could be on companionable terms. He said his compatriots in the United States had gone there "to gain an honest living, which they are denied in their own country, owing to the narrow English constitution and influences they lived under." There is an aroma of dishonesty floating about the name, person and cardinal breeches of Count Mercier, that makes this statement extremely funny. Judging from the record of many French Canadian public men there is some "influence" that prevents them making honest livings, but it is not clear to the naked eye how the constitution and English influence is responsible for their dishonesty. The "narrow constitution" was broad enough for the electorate of the Province to parade upon last election day and drive this brigand chief and his organization to the four winds. English influence has furnished the energy that prevented Montreal from falling into such barren quietude that the dogs could sleep on the centre of the highways at noonday, and the lonesome crows could bespeak their solitude from the rickety housetops. Wherever the Anglo-Canadian has been able to wedge his way through the repellent front of French-Canadian exclusiveness there has immediately arisen the smoke of commerce and the song of the reaper voicing his gladness for abundant crops. Almost by violence have been introduced into Quebec those modern ideas and methods of life and government that distinguishes this century from the last, and yet, here is Mercier going to Boston with the story that "the narrow English constitution and influence" prevent his countrymen from progressing as they should.

But another French Canadian has spoken and without intending it, has furnished a prompt and effectual answer to the absurd statements of Mercier. Hon. Wilfred Laurier has raised up trouble for himself by speaking the truth, frankly telling his compatriots that they live too much in the past, hugging old ideas and resisting the spirit of the age and country to which they belong. His speech was delivered at the recent St. Jean Baptiste banquet, and among other things he said: "In this profoundly Catholic country the ideas of Louis Veuillot have long been current, and many others among us, after his example, exalting the past, have like him anathematized modern liberty, modern progress. Let those who remember that Louis Veuillot when alive filled his books with imprecations upon all the developments of modern life, the Parliamentary regime, steam, electricity, railways, telegraph, received on his deathbed by telegraph, yes, by telegraph, the Pontifical benediction, and that all the objects of his imprecations have received in our day the approbation of the great Pope Leo XIII." This

fearless statement, the courage of which can but dimly be understood in Ontario has raised a great rumpus in the Ultramontane element of Lower Canada. But, there it is in a nutshell, and Laurier has defended his position by writing letters to the press, showing that Veuillot's teachings are as he indicated in his speech. This living in the past, this standing dead and indifferent to the achievements of modern invention and ignoring the mechanical and social advancements, is the real cause of the chronic ailment in Quebec. To be sure, if one family, or a dozen families, or a hundred families, pull up by the roots, go far away and merge with a progressive people, they will get along better than those who remain at home under the pall of such reactionary influences as Laurier depicts. In the first place those who have the energy to pull up and escape from a numbing influence that they in their single strength are unable to resist, are more highly endowed with the elements that make up success, than those who submit and drown their lives away. In the second place they have moved out into the nineteenth century.

Laurier, with knightly courage, has thrown down the gauntlet to the formidable enemy of his race. The truths which he speaks have often been spoken in malice and bitterness by public men and journalists in Ontario, but advice is never taken from outsiders who study to be offensive. At last the most distinguished and popular of the French-Canadians, whose faith will be unquestioned, has set himself the task of overcoming an evil with which he and his kind have all along dallied and made peace.

Fresh Air Fund:
Previously acknowledged \$47 00
Concert at Jackson's P.M. \$15 10
Total \$62 30

Social and Personal.

Lakeview House, Jackson's Point, was on the night of July 29, the scene of a pleasant gathering. The summer tourists in full enjoyment of all the delights afforded by land and water, were kindly moved to help to like enjoyment others not so fortunate as themselves. A concert was therefore given in aid of the fresh air fund. Parlor and dining-room were transformed into a musical hall, which was gaily decorated, and filled with a large and picturesque audience. The following program was capitally rendered:

1. Piano Solo Miss Klinear
2. Song Mr. Harbison
3. Vocal Duet Mrs. J. H. Lawrence
4. Dance Mr. Frank Hilton
5. Song Miss Marjorie Morrison
6. Piano Solo Mrs. J. H. Lawrence
7. Song Miss Saunders
8. Song Mr. Angus Morrison
9. Song Miss Bridgland
10. Vocal Quartette Madames Lawrence, Smith, and the Misses Bridgland

Guitar accompaniment by Miss Bridgland.

A small entrance fee was charged and the goodly sum of \$15.30 was realized to be duly sent to the fresh air fund.

Mrs. W. F. Turnbull and family are spending the summer at Crow's Nest Cottage, Lake Couchiching.

Misses Eleanor and Lillian Forbes of Chicopee Falls are visiting their aunt, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave. Miss Forbes has won a name as an elocutionist.

Miss Maggie Cosgrave has returned from a pleasant visit at Grimsby Park.

Mr. Theo. S. Chatterton of the Bank of Toronto, St. Catharines, passed through Toronto this week to proceed to Cobourg as ledger-keeper there. Although he is very much missed by his many friends at St. Catharines, all are glad to hear of his promotion.

Col. Fairlie of London, England, who is going round the world, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Collins, 464 Wellesley street. Col. Fairlie had not seen Mr. and Mrs. Collins for thirty years.

Mrs. C. W. Dennis is spending the summer at King's Ferry, N.Y.

Col and Mrs. Webb of Spokane Falls, Wash., and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Simmons of Evergreen Villa, Colborne, have returned home. While in Toronto they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Webb of Ingleside, Avenue road hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Suckling, sr., returned from Europe on Wednesday. They have been away nearly three years.

Doctor and Mrs. D. A. Dobie will be at Home on Tuesdays after August 1st.

Mrs. A. B. Dell, secretary of the Toronto Humane Society, is spending her vacation with friends in Deseronto and Bay of Quinte district.

Miss Dallas and Miss Eleanor Dallas of Mainland street are spending the month of August at Prout's Neck, Maine.

There was a large gathering of Toronto people at Niagara last Saturday, among whom were Rev. Charles Scadding and Mrs. Scadding of Toledo who are so well known in Toronto. The Oriole with a large party of ladies and gentlemen was over, while Commodore Boswell's Veda with a party including Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. G. J. Bristol, Mr. Hugh Hartshorne, Mr. G. Boulton, was in port. The beautiful new yacht, Cleopatra, also steamed across the lake.

Sir Charles Tupper will sail for Canada on August 17 by the steamer Parisian.

Major General Herbert returned from England on Friday, July 28.

Hon. Frank Smith and Major Cosby arrived in Winnipeg on July 28.

At St. Philip's church, on Wednesday evening, July 26, Miss May Pearl Gray, daughter of the late Edwin Gray, was married to Mr. W. F. Lancaster of W. A. Murray & Co. The bridesmaids were the Misses Lancaster, while Messrs.

Pearson and Broadfoot were best men. Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster held a reception at 81 McKenzie crescent. Subsequently they left on a trip to the Falls and Toledo.

Miss Lillie Kleiser the soprano of this city is meeting with flattering success in the North-West.

Last Saturday evening the fine steam-yacht, Viola, under command of Commodore D. Roberts, took a large party of ladies and gentlemen to Lorne Park to participate in the dance. The sail home by moonlight was most delightful.

John Bain, Q.C., and family are at Little Metis, Quebec.

Sir Oliver Mowat is in Muskoka.

Mr. I. E. Suckling left for the World's Fair on Wednesday evening.

Hon. S. H. Blake arrived home by the Vancouver on Friday, July 28.

Capt. W. F. McMaster and Mr. S. C. Wood have left the city on a three weeks' trip to Manitoba and the Western Territories of Canada.

Miss DeBarres is at the Worden Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Mr. James Bain has been offered the librarianship of the new Reynold's Library, in Rochester, N.Y.

The Swamp Angel Angling Club, composed of Judge Morson (supervisor), Dr. Bingham, Mr. Arthur Croil, Dr. Baines, and Mr. George Bethune, left last Saturday evening for an expedition to Steal River, Lake Superior.

Mrs. R. Irving Walker and her niece, Miss Edith Fitch, are at the World's Fair.

Col. C. D. Dunford of the Ordnance Department Gibarter and Mrs. Danford are visiting Toronto as the guests of D. Larratt W. Smith.

Mrs. Saunders of Penn Yann is visiting Mrs. Charles Brown, Isabella street.

Miss Florence Baker of New York is visiting friends in this city and will deliver a series of dress reform lectures before returning home.

Mr. Andrew Crawford is on the Teutonic en route for Liverpool.

Mr. John C. Snall is on board the Kaiser Wilhelm Second, bound for Bremen and Southampton.

Mrs. H. Barnes is at Lake Minnetonka, Minn.

Mr. G. B. Smith, M.L.A., has returned from a two months' trip to France, Germany and England.

The society editor has received the following idyll of a famous Eastern watering place:

A MURRAY HALL EPISODE.
Jack and Jill went down the hill
To paddle on the water,
Jill with her toe upset the canoe
And Jack fell tumbling after.
Had to be told the water was cold
At one o'clock in the morning;
No moon was seen the clouds between,
No stars the sky adorning.
With shake and shiver up from the river,
Climbing the hill so steep,
Alas! so late, at the hotel gate,
And all the world asleep.

Oh! never more on that dark shore
Or on the moonless water,
Shall start laid down on Jill's ruined gown,
With Jack fast tumbling after.

July 18, 1893. J. E. L. R.

Mrs. W. R. Tounley of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting friends in the city.

The lady guests of the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, intend giving a hop on the evening of Saturday, August 12, when the Grand Trunk will give single rates to Barrie and return. Mrs. W. McCalloch and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald are taking great pains to make the affair a success.

The hop at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, on Thursday evening, July 27, was an extremely pleasant affair, about seventy guests of the hotel and visitors at the island being present.

Miss Nellie Piddington of St. Albans street is spending a few weeks at the World's Fair.

Miss Susie Lear, Miss Tillie McKendry, and Miss Aida Low left on Friday for a visit to the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fringle have gone to the World's Fair, via Buffalo and the lakes.

Signor Pier Delasco has returned from a delightful holiday on the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. and Master Harry Bourlier are spending no time at D'Grass Point.

An enterprising visitor to the World's Fair was little Miss Isa Pringle, of 705 Ontario street, who returned to Toronto with her grandmamma, Mrs. John Laidlaw, on Monday. Miss Isa did the fair three or four times by herself, and brought home a number of very well-chosen souvenirs to her friends in Toronto.

Miss Kirkpatrick and Master Eric Kirkpatrick will spend some time at Prout's Neck this month.

Miss Alice Maud Wilson is summering at Murray Bay.

The little bird says: That Mr. Bob Christie looks nice on his fine new wheel. That the cyclists' hearts will be in Chicago next week, wherever their bodies are. That the Queen's housed some Austrian nobility this week. That those smoking men in the street cars are horrid. That Miss Hannaford is a charming addition to the lady cyclists of the city. That Lady Gay and Kit will have a good day together in Chicago. That Miss Phemie Smith is a pretty picture on horseback. That lots of Anglican persons have gone fishing. That the dogcatchers are out. That cat-catchers would be a bono to the city. That Professor Hirschfelder is enthusiastic over the World's Fair. That

Capt. Pellatt's dashing rig is much admired.

That Manager Suckling and the Q.O.R. are making big plans for the military tournament. That a very lovely blonde turned many heads on King street last Wednesday. That the bird wants to know her name.

There are summer girls and summer girls—the one we see about the streets of Toronto is wholesome and sweet, with clear bright eyes, firm rounded cheeks, a trifle sun-burn and a touch of independence in the cut of her neat costume, and a free light tread that tells of tennis, and walking and firm elastic muscles. She comes in from the multiplying health resorts—Lorne Park, Long Branch, Victoria Park, Niagara, Grimsby—and if you remark a trifle more tan, and a trifle less spry and spriness, she hails from Muskoka; if she has still the air of the social circle about her, she has been to the seaside and passed a week at the "magazines" of New York. We have lost some of our best admired summer girls this year. One misses dainty Miss Francis from the Island hops, and beautiful Miss Grantham from the tennis and picnic parties; and popular Miss MacMahon only glances at us now and then from her new home in St. Kitts. These youthful matrons we begrudge to the wooers who beguiled them from us and left us minus three very lovely and lovable summer girls. But when all our news of them is so bright and happy we must be reconciled.

Professor Loudon, president of Toronto University, and Messrs. Stewart Henderson, J. C. Patterson, Jr., and J. S. Robertson are about to start on a canoeing trip up the Gatineau River.

Rev. D. J. Macdonell is at Capt. L. Sigle's, Murray Bay.

Mr. G. S. Holmstead is at the World's Fair.

Mr. G. S. Holmstead is at Muskoka.

The hop at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, last Saturday evening was a grand success, and Kuhn's orchestra of Buffalo was much appreciated.

Mr. Charles H. Wilbur of New York was in town for a few days last week.

Rev. William Patterson left last Monday on a visit to his north of Ireland home.

A concert was given in Liberty Hall on Thursday evening in aid of the Port Carling rectory. Over forty dollars was cleared, the attendance being very gratifying to the promoters of the entertainment. Mr. Cockburn of Port Carling occupied the chair, and after a brief address the following programme was given:

Song Nora Aileen Mr. Blackhall
Piano Solo Duetto (Mendelssohn) Mr. Thomas
Song Serenade Miss Lalett
Song The Midshipmite Mr. Oxley
Piano Solo Vale (Chopin) Mr. Carter
Song O Promise Me Mr. Travers
Duet (for violin and piano) Miss Carter and Mr. Blatchford
Song The Holy City Miss Morton
Song The River Doe Miss Westman
Song The Star of Bithleben Miss Finlay
God Save the Queen.

The Misses Wood of St. George, Ont., daughters of W. B. Wood, M.P.P., and Miss Nellie Petrie of Ingersoll, are visiting the Misses Malcolm of Elm street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Gale and child, after visiting the World's Fair, spent four weeks at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake, left Niagara on Tuesday, calling at Toronto and remaining over night at Mrs. Dickworth's, 50 St. George street.

Miss M. C. McRae of Ottawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Jennett, Jarvis street.

One of the best concerts ever held in Muskoka was given on Tuesday evening last at Port Carling in aid of the Methodist Parsonage. About two hundred people were present, and testified to the pleasure they had enjoyed by the unanimous response they made to the vote of thanks, proposed by the Rev. Mr. Stonehouse, to the ladies and gentlemen who gave their services. Prof. Baker of Toronto University ably filled the position as chairman and also gave a reading. Mr. Owen A. Smily recited in his usual clever way and was a host in himself. Solos were rendered by Miss Jardine Thomson, Miss K. Westman and Miss Moreton of Hamilton. They were all duly encored, and Miss Thomson's Nightingale Song was accompanied by the guitar. Altogether

August 5, 1893

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Out of Town.**Stratford.**

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Mrs. Mark Wade of this city on Thursday a.m., July 27. Mrs. Wade was one of Stratford's shining lights, being identified as one of the founders of the Stratford Hospital and an energetic supporter of and laborer in St. James church. Her remains were followed to the grave by a large number of sorrowing friends on Friday afternoon, July 28.

Miss Minnie E. Doyle of Buffalo is visiting friends in this city.

Last week Miss Della Jones gave a very elaborate garden party to her innumerable friends, while the night before about one hundred and fifty young people met at the residence of Mr. J. E. Harding, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

The Hon. Hugh Campbell is an applicant for the position of Collector of Customs in this city.

Miss F. Larmour and sister of London are the guests of friends in the city.

Rev. Father Loselle is visiting friends in Montreal and taking a trip down the St. Lawrence. He is much missed. St. Joseph's church is to have a new pipe organ and a new organist.

A syndicate is being formed with Mr. J. J. Flaggart at its head to secure the new hall in Myer's block to give a series of fashionable assemblies next season.

Stratford society circles are being well represented at the World's Fair. Many have gone and many more are going. **QUILL DRIVER.**

Oshawa.

Tennis parties are much in vogue this year, and this once very popular game, which unfortunately was allowed to dwindle, has been revived. A tournament was held recently amongst the local players in the grounds of Mr. H. E. Murphy, and a lovely afternoon and evening was the result. Mrs. Murphy with her accustomed hospitality entertained the party to tea on the lawn. A fine photo of the players and visitors was taken on the lawn and proved a success.

On the invitation of the Oshawa Tennis Club a number of the Bowmanville players visited us on Saturday and played a friendly game on the spacious courts of Mr. Robert Williams. A large number of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the interesting game, which resulted in favor of the visitors. Miss McLaughlin of Bowmanville played a very pretty game with her brother, Mr. Arthur McLaughlin, against Mr. Punshon and Miss Masson. Unfortunately our club has not had much practice and were not in a position to put up a very good game, but there was a fairly good contest notwithstanding. Tea was served on the lawn, and a dance afterwards brought a most delightful outing to a close. Mrs. Williams as a hostess was all that could be desired. She was assisted by Madam Talbot and Murphy, as well as the young ladies of the town. Mrs. Moore of Toronto, a guest of Mrs. Williams, assisted in welcoming the visitors and dispensing hospitality.

Messrs. Dick Cawley, H. G. King and Wm. D. Rand have a pretty cottage at the lake.

The Billows is again inhabited by its former occupants, Messrs. L. J. Maxwell, J. P. Owens and L. J. Cawley.

The lakeside is growing in popularity each year.

Brockville.

Messrs. Wm. Reid and John Kyle, now residents of Gotham, are home on a visit.

Mr. Alex Mitchell, engineer-in-chief of the Southern Railway, Nova Scotia, spent Saturday in town.

Hon. James A. Smart, Manitoba's World's Fair Commissioner, Mrs. Smart and children, of Brandon, Man., are paying their old home a visit.

Mr. Bart Lafayette of New York is visiting his parents.

Miss Gertrude Cole of Ottawa favored the W. M. congregation with two very fine solos last Sunday evening.

Sinatra Sullivan of Kings' on was in town on professional business last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cumming are guests of Mrs. Wm. Johnson.

Oriental Isle, that quintessential prettiest of our beautiful summer homes, was the scene of a quiet but unique wedding on Wednesday of last week, when Col. Cole's eldest daughter, Cordelia E., was married to Mr. W. H. Dingle, late of Winnipeg, Man. The Rev. Dr. Saunders, of the Wall street Methodist church, officiated. There were no bridesmaids, and only a few friends outside the family were invited. Among the guests were Mrs. and the Misses Dingle of Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cumming of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. and Miss Gertrude Cole of Ottawa, Mr. Eugene M. Cole of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Cole of Pittsburgh, N. Y., Mr. James and the Misses Lewis of Montreal, Miss Letty McLean of Toronto, Miss Kathleen Phillips of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. and Master Elmer Jones of Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lalonde, Col. and Mrs. W. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. King, Mr. T. W. A. King, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Southworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Powell, Miss Giles and Miss Koyle of Brockville. The bride was attired in a traveling costume of fawn and blue trimmed with brown, which was both pretty and becoming. The presents were numerous, eloquently expressing the esteem in which the bride was held, coming as they did from Montreal, Chicago, New York, Winnipeg, etc., etc. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast the bridal party were ferried over to Water Niche, where carriages were in waiting to take them to the G. T. R. depot, where they took train for Oshawa, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Dingle will make their home in Belleville, where Mr. Dingle will assume charge of the Bridge street church organ and become Professor of Music in Albert University. Mrs. Dingle leaves behind her a large circle of sincere and warm friends—probably no young lady in the town had more—an all join in wishing the young couple the happiness and prosperity they deserve.

May Irving, the celebrated actress, late of

Charles Frohman's company, is quietly spending the summer at Club Island with her sister.

The Rev. W. W. Weeks has accepted a call to the Baptist church, Moncton. His departure will be greatly regretted by his congregation here.

The Rev. L. A. Betts of this town has been elected grand chaplain, A. F. & A. M., for the ensuing term.

BROCK.

Mount Forest.

Mrs. McMullen gave a small party last week at Maitland Hall in honor of her guest, Miss Rolls of Arthur.

Mr. E. E. Snider, B.A., the popular science master of our High School, accompanied by Mrs. Snider, started this week for a tour on their bicycles. They go as far as Belleville, taking in Guelph, Elora, Brantford and Whitby en route.

Mr. C. A. Jones has returned from Toronto, where he has been attending the summer sessions at Trinity.

Once more has one of our girl students succeeded in winning honors. This time it has fallen to the part of Miss Lena Reid, who won the gold medal in instrumental music at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, where she has been attending the past term. We notice also Miss Mabel Halsted and Miss M. Felshe are home from the Young Ladies' College, Toronto, and Miss Jessie Scott from Brantford Ladies' College.

A syndicate is being formed with Mr. J. J. Flaggart at its head to secure the new hall in Myer's block to give a series of fashionable assemblies next season.

Stratford society circles are being well represented at the World's Fair. Many have gone and many more are going. **QUILL DRIVER.**

Mitchell.

Rev. A. D. Dewdney, rector of the Anglican church, went on a well earned vacation down through Ontario; he also assisted at the marriage of his sister to Mr. Ammon Davis in Toronto. He is with us again now, invigorated by the change.

A few ladies and gentlemen drove over to St. Mary's last week to play a friendly game of tennis, and came back vanquished but undaunted.

About a week ago Mrs. Awty gave a very select garden party to invited guests. All the elite of the town were there. Tea was served on the lawn in a right royal manner by the Misses Awty and others. After tea several of the guests engaged in tennis, while others, in couples, strolled about the delightful grounds, and to conclude the evening there were ladies' and gentlemen's races, which were intensely enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Kyle gave an evening party to a large circle of friends to meet their niece, Miss Vallance of Hamilton.

The wife, children and sister-in-law of Mr. W. B. Waterbury, of the Merchants' Bank, have just returned from rustication at Port Cockburn, Muskoka. They have been very beneficially affected.

Mr. F. W. Strong, accountant of the bank, has returned with his wife and child from an enjoyable vacation in Coborne and Belleville.

A tennis match between Stratford and Mitchell took place last week, resulting in a victory for the home team in both doubles and singles. Those who played for Mitchell were: Mr. E. F. Davis, Dr. A. D. Smith, and Mrs. Williams, assisted in welcoming the visitors and dispensing hospitality.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Building Sale**SPECIAL****SILK****OFFER**

Brevity may well be the soul of wit in anything we've to say touching silks. Our well known silk reputation is a guarantee of high quality always. The figures that follow show how low we can touch when prices are in question. A rare silk offer.

22 in. China, pure silk, over 50 shades, 20s.
27 in. Japan Silk, new colors, 50s., worth 75s.
22 in. China Ponson Silk, new goods, 30s., worth 30s.,
worth 75s.
Big Importation Ponson, our noted 25s. silk, sold
everywhere 35s.
Colored Surahs, 50s., worth 65s.
Black and White Summer Silks, checked, 30s., were 45s.
Black and White Summer Silks, brooch, 15s., were 35s.
Black Peau de Soie, 90s., worth \$1.25; very heavy, \$1.
worth \$1.50.
Black Silk Falce Franchise, 75s., regular price \$1.
24 in. Black Satin, 45s. worth 65s.
22 in. French Gros Grains, very heavy, 75s.
Big Value Best French Gros Grains, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.
Black Royal, \$1, regular price \$1.50
22 in. Black and Japan Silks, new colors, 35s., regular
price 60s.
Polka Dot, pure silk, 20s.

The out-of-town-shopper has only to command our mail order system to secure any of these goods.

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MARJORIE'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacobi's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret,"
"Under False Pretenses," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER III.

Felix turned away from the window and came forward a step or two into the room. His sympathies were at once enlisted. Anything like a musical failure was just then particularly interesting. He wondered if his uncle would be angry, if he would say that girls were as disappointing as boys after all. He was sorry for the girl, who stood there with her face hidden by her hands, her frame shaking with passionate sobs. She had taken off her hat and her hair fell about her shoulders like a golden cloud. Even Felix noticed that the glare of the gas lamps made a gleam like a patch of sunlight in the room. To his surprise the Squire was gone. His brow had cleared a little since the girl broke down.

"I could not have been mistaken," Felix heard him mutter to himself. "It is the sensitive, artistic temperament—yes, yes, that is what it is. Come, my dear," awkwardly addressing the girl, "don't cry; you can do better than that; I understand how it is."

But Marjory wept on and paid no attention to him, whereupon Levi Pawson opened his lips to speak.

"There do seem to be sommat wrong about there fiddle to-night," he observed slowly, "like as though it had got a cold in its inside. I never heard it squeal that sort of way afore. I don't understand these things myself, but surely, Marjory, your fiddle wants looking to a bit."

"It is not the fiddle's fault, uncle, it is all mine," gasped Marjory. "I know it is all wrong, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't play any better."

"Try again," suggested Mr. Hyde.

"I don't think I can," said Marjory, her lips quivering in this room."

The Squire was puzzled. To him his music-room was an ideal apartment, and he could not understand the effect of its cold brightness upon Marjory's nerves. Curiously enough, it was Felix who understood, and as the Squire drew backwards a few steps and entered into a low-toned conversation with Pawson, Felix came forward and touched the girl on the arm.

"Look here," he said, "come to this window with me and bring your violin."

Marjory looked at him wonderingly, but did as she was told. The window at which Felix had been standing opened to the ground, and without a word of explanation the boy unfastened it and set it wide open. Outside there was a veranda, and beyond, the dark shapes of shrubs and trees, and water, white in the dim light of a young May moon.

"The room is hot," he said simply, too reticent himself to express more clearly what he felt. "Stand here and get the fresh air for a minute or two, then you will be able to play."

She did not understand herself—not for years afterwards did she know how it was that the sight of sky, of water, of a crescent moon seen between the branches of the trees, and the long, dim alleys of the garden could bring back the power and the love for music which had suddenly seemed to melt away from her. She passed out into the veranda without a word, and there she began to play.

This time all the former brilliance and beauty of her performance had come back. She played as she had played that morning in the orchard, but with even more success. A sweetness and pathos had crept into the long-drawn notes, which had not been there before, and as Mr. Sheraton Hyde listened in rapture he thought that he had not been mistaken after all, and that he had found a treasure which was indeed worth possessing.

But it did not occur to him then, or afterwards, that it was Felix who had revealed to him the talents of the girl.

"Capital! Capital! Magnificent!" he cried, when the note died away in silence, and Marjory stood motionless on the dark veranda, with her back turned to the brightly lighted windows and her eyes gazing on the darkness as though she could see through it.

"But why did you come out here to play? You will catch your death of cold."

"The room was too hot for her," said Felix, feeling impelled, he knew not why, to assume the rôle of protector. The Squire glanced at him with a frown and addressed himself again to Marjory.

"Come in, my dear, come in, you have played very well, exceedingly well, better than you did this morning. I have been talking to your uncle about you. Would you like to have some violin lessons, and perhaps be trained for the musical profession?"

Felix held his breath. What would the girl say? Would she, too, share his dislike to such a prospect? He earnestly hoped that she would accept his uncle's proposition. He was too generous to wish for another disappointment for the Squire.

Marjory came back into the music-room, her face pale and her eyes shining, her lips parted. "Do you mean it?" she said. "Do you really mean that I may go on practicing and learning, and perhaps some day do nothing but music? That would be too beautiful!"

The Squire smiled benignly at her vehemence. Yes, that was what he wanted. This was what he sought for all his life. Talent, genius even, which nobody would have discovered but himself, which he could foster, and of which the credit must remain his almost as much as hers. If the girl remained as enthusiastic as she was clever, and as grateful to him as she seemed likely to be, she would find no firmer friend throughout life than himself, Sheraton Hyde.

But he tried to control his delight. It would not do, perhaps, for the stolid uncle to see how pleased he was with his discovery. The man might put difficulties in the way. Therefore, the Squire resolved to be cautious at first.

"We must talk about the fiddle, and see whether you have talent or not," he said to the girl. "I will get Matthews down some day soon, and hear you play, and see what he says to you. You don't know whom I mean, do you? Never mind, you will know in time. I will see that you have some lessons at any rate, and then, in six months, let us say, you might be sent abroad. You will want a little training first, and you will have to make up your mind to work very hard."

"I don't mind how hard I work," said Marjory eagerly, "if I am working at music. I don't care for anything else."

"Then you will succeed," said the Squire firmly. "There," he added, turning abruptly to Felix, "you see the difference. This girl, who has had no training at all, thinks that no labor would be too great to achieve what you choose to throw away. You will see the difference when her name is known throughout the world, and you are slaving away as a country apothecary."

Felix smiled. The comparison seemed to him a little absurd, but he did not like to say that, personally, he preferred the life of an apothecary to that of a professional musician. Yet such was the absolute truth.

"Come here, Pawson," said Mr. Hyde. "I want a few words with you before you go. You must speak to the girl's aunt from me; tell her what I say."

Then he drew the man away with him into the bow window and talked to him emphatically for a few minutes, but in so low a voice that his words were inaudible to the boy and girl who were left beside the open window.

The thoughts of Felix were not with his companion. He scarcely noticed that he was alone with her, but leaning against the window frame he looked out into the darkness and

sighed without knowing what he did. But Marjory's eyes were fixed upon him, and after a moment's hesitation she went up to his side.

"What is the matter?" she said. "Is your uncle angry with you?"

Felix's eyes came down from the sky and rested for a moment on the girl's face. It struck him then, for the first time, how very pretty she was. He smiled a little as he made his reply.

"Yes, I think he is rather angry with me."

"Why?"

"Because I want to be a doctor, and not a musician."

"Don't you want to be a musician?" said Marjory wisely. "It seems to me the most beautiful life in the world, but then, my father was a musician, that is perhaps why I think so."

"One can't help one's tastes," said Felix, with a lapse into the manner which his uncle always called sullen.

"Don't you care for music?"

"I don't know; I don't think so. I liked your playing to night, out here, on the veranda."

"I shall play better than that some day," said Marjory with confidence.

"Yes, of course you will. I hope you will, but I need not tell you it will please my uncle very much if you do."

Marjory eyed him thoughtfully.

"You are very queer," she said at last, with all her native frankness and audacity. "When people are angry with me I don't want anyone else to please them."

"You are only a little girl, you don't know any better," said Felix, from the height of his superiority.

She flushed a little, but was not as much offended as he had expected her to be.

"I am nearly fourteen," she said. "Are you much older? You don't look much older than seventeen or eighteen, so you are not grown up yet—" a remark which nearly took Felix's breath away.

The conversation lasted no longer, for Mr. Hyde returned to them with Pawson at his heels, and addressed himself to Marjory with a delighted air.

"Well, my dear, I have been arranging everything with your uncle—"

"He is not my uncle," interrupted Marjory, but she gave Pawson a friendly smile, nevertheless.

"Well, well, that doesn't matter. At any rate he will arrange with your aunt to let you come up here again when I send for you. I shall want you to play to a gentleman who is a very good judge of music, but you need not be afraid of him, you know, and then he will tell me what sort of lessons you ought to have, and I will see that you get them."

"Thank you," said Marjory, simply.

"And now, as it is getting late," said the Squire, "and your uncle seems to think that your aunt will be expecting you—"

"Oh, yes, we must go," said Marjory, with rather nervous glance towards Levi Pawson.

Aunt Maria did not want us to be out late, did she? and it must be ten o'clock now."

She exchanged uneasy glances with Pawson, which seemed to mean some fear of the absent Aunt Maria, but the Squire, absorbed in his own wishes and sentiments, did not observe them, and would not let them get away without pressing offers of refreshment, which the visitors hurriedly declined.

But Felix, with his common sense, could not guess the extent of Aunt Maria's wrath.

"And, as far as I am concerned," he said, "it was only first of all because Marjory had been asked to go to the Squire's house; and secondly, because she was so late in returning home. She poured out a flood of bitter words against the thoughtlessness and shamelessness of girls who ran about the country playing a fiddle to anybody who chose to ask them.

"You will be giving a performance in the public-house next, I shouldn't wonder," she observed with a sneer. "I don't 'old with teaching girls to play an instrument like that. The piano is all very well, but who ever heard of a girl with a fiddle!"

"In London," said Marjory rather unadvisedly, "a great many girls play the violin."

"Well, we ain't in London," said Mrs. Pawson, as if this were an unanswerable argument, and Marjory stood motionless on the dark veranda, with her back turned to the brightly lighted windows and her eyes gazing on the darkness as though she could see through it.

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irritated; he struck his heel sharply on the polished floor, then turned abruptly away and went back to confer with Marjory and the great critic about the advisability of her being sent to study at some great school of music. The great man advised him, however, not to be in a hurry. He was not quite sure yet whether the girl's talent was as great as to justify the Squire in taking upon himself the responsibility and expense of her education. He recommended a few more lessons, and a further test of her abilities before she was sent abroad. The result was that Marjory was requested to come to the hall every day for the next two or three weeks in order to have lessons, and to practice with a music master from the neighboring city of Southminster. At the end of that time, the Squire remarked, it would be seen pretty clearly whether she had decided talent or not.

Once or twice during the colloquy, Marjory's eyes had fixed themselves curiously upon Felix, who sat and listened but did not attempt to take any part in the conversation. She found a moment before she left to draw nearer to him and to say, in an undertone, "Are you sorry that I am going to have these lessons?"

"Sorry?" said Felix, starting. "No; why?"

"I thought you did not seem pleased;" then with her eyes still upon his face, "Do you not like me coming here for lessons?"

"It makes no difference to me," said Felix, without looking at her. She drew a little closer to him and placed her hand timidly on his arm.

"If you don't like it," said she earnestly. "I wish you would tell me."

Felix hesitated, flushed, and then looked her straight in the face.

"I don't mind in the very least," he said.

"Yes, of course we shall; great friends," said Felix, smiling at her cordially. "Why do you ask?"

"I don't know; I thought perhaps you might not like me," said Marjory, with perfectly innocent and unconscious coquetry, "and then I should not have liked coming at all; but it will be all right if you don't mind."

"I don't mind on bit," said Felix with more evident seriousness. "I am glad that you are coming, and the better you get on the more delighted I shall be."

"I think you are kind," said the child, examining his face with grave, attentive eyes.

"You; you speak the truth and you are kind."

"And I like you," said Felix with equal simplicity.

It was a compact of friendship not easily to be broken on either side.

CHAPTER IV.

Felix's fate was settled. She came up to the half hour to time to have a violin lesson from a rather well known musician whom the Squire had summoned from the neighboring town of Southminster and from the satisfied expression which was not visible upon Mr. Hyde's face.

Felix conjectured that the reports had not been favorable. But a new and odd barrier seemed to have risen up between himself and his uncle. In the presence of Mr. Hyde's pride, Felix was more than ever conscious that he and his tastes were at a discount, and that he was measured, not by what he could do but by what he could not do—a very depressing consciousness for a boy of seventeen. Of course he exaggerated the extent of this unspoken criticism. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hyde thought very little about his nephew at that time. He was a man who could absorb himself in but one idea, and this idea just now was the unfolding genius of Marjory Moore. It was perhaps only natural that Felix should interpret this absorption as a sign of displeasure with himself.

He went back to school feeling vaguely hurt and dissatisfied, but none the less determined to pursue the career which he thought best. During the week that followed, he would have given a good deal to have some news of his Uncle's progress, but the Squire seldom wrote letters, and Felix was too proud to ask for information which might be interpreted wrongly.

The only clue that he received as to the way in which masters were going, came in a letter from his friend and cousin, Helen Drummond, who was the daughter of the Rector of Redwood.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the sea-shore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

An Unbeliever.

"LUMP and plain, gentlemen," said an opulent-looking man in a smoking car, addressing a group of men who had been engaged in discussing a very sentimental novel which was in great vogue at the time. "I don't believe in fiction and romance."

Of course this remark elicited the question "Why not?" from one of them, and as the crowd in general seemed desirous of hearing the why and wherefore of his disbelief he told the following story:

"Once upon a time," he began, "I did a very courageous thing, which, had it been performed by the hero of a novel, would have been rewarded by the young lady's hand in marriage. Such things don't happen, however, in real life. Now at the time I had a sneaking belief in the spirit of romance, and it was perhaps the hope that I would receive the romantic reward which spurred me on to more than natural valor.

"It was in my early business days, when I served behind the 'linens' counter of a large dry goods store that there was installed at the 'thread' counter opposite me, a vision of loveliness of the opposite sex. She was a bright, airy little thing. Her form sylph-like, and her face, well I often compared it in my mind to that of the *Venus de Medici*, her features were so cleverly chiseled, and her complexion white as driven snow, save two little spots of color, one on either cheek. But it was not her complexion or regular features you saw when you looked at her, it was her eyes, such eyes as mortal never had before. I have even seen what are called Irish blue eyes, but never eyes like hers. To say that they sparkled like diamonds is too common—they sparkled as dew drops, hanging to new-thatch sparkle when touched by the first rays of the morning sun, and her wavy blonde hair gave to them the same effect that the new thatch gives to the dewdrops.

"You may think me extravagant in my description gentlemen. I am not. It is needless to say that I fell in love with her, as many had done before and have since, for in this age men do not cease to fall in love with women when they are married.

"I would be unjust if I did not tell you that at no time did I find any favor with her. She soon became attached to a handsome young fellow whose counter adjoined her own, and with whom she used to stand and talk where their counters met, while I, as all lovers are supposed to do, looked on and suffered.

"One Saturday I heard that he had invited her to go with him for a row on the river, in the early morning of the morrow, and (why I never could tell, save that I would be near her) I invited a young lady, and made preparations to make a similar excursion.

"I have read in novels descriptions of such mornings as that of the following day. They are such mornings as are used by the novelists in which to have their characters commit nice, quiet, refined murders. It was in mid-spring, the season when the lilacs are in bloom, and the trees which have newly taken on their bright green mantle of leaves are full of singing birds, when the dew sparkles in the grass, and over all the land lies a caressing haze, rendering objects afar off beautifully indistinct.

"The sun was warm, and the row on the river delightful. We were returning in high spirits. The other boat was ahead of ours, being rowed close in shore in the deep part of the river. There were trees which overhung the stream, and I noticed in glancing over my shoulder that my beloved (I mean the girl in the boat ahead) was standing up trying to break off a switch. I was rowing steadily towards them when my companion screamed, 'Oh, she has fallen overboard.'

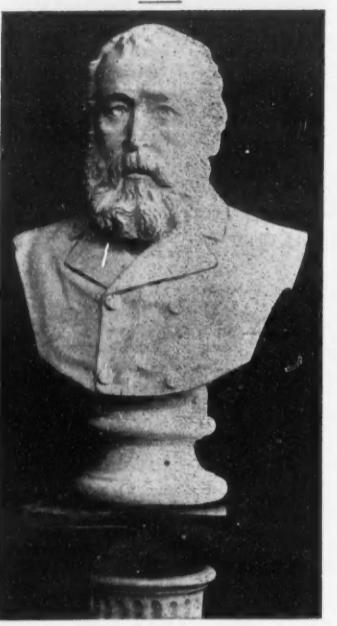
"One quick pull at the oars brought me abreast of them, and I sprang in the water. Then ensued a fight with the river for its victim. Incautiously I allowed her to get a grip of me, and it was only with extreme difficulty that I managed to get her to shore, where I sustained her by the help of a tree root until her companion, who had until now remained stupidly watching us from his boat, came and helped us out.

"Well, so much for the rescue. In the afternoon I called on the young lady to enquire how she was after the adventure, and when she came down to the parlor, in a pretty tea gown, to thank me, I could restrain myself no longer and poured out my tale of love. She waited patiently until I had finished and then told me that her lover and companion of the morning had called earlier, had proposed, and as he had told her that he could not swim, but that he had done as much as he could to save her, that he had in fact pulled us both from the water, that while she was in the water he had realized that she was dearer than life itself to him, and goodness knows how much more. She had accepted him.

"So you see another had made capital of my achievement, and nothing came of it so far as I was concerned save that the curate of our parish, who was passing the spot when the accident occurred, on the highroad overlooking the river, made it the foundation of his next Sunday's sermon, and as I listened to his hour's dissertation on the part of the commandment 'Remember thou keep holy the sabbath day,' I tell you I felt truly penitent for the part I had taken in the proceedings he so beautifully enlarged upon."

Tipperary, Ireland. HARRY A. BROWN.

The Sculptor's Art



BUST OF THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

We are pleased this week to give space to a portrait bust of the late William Gooderham. This is the work of a young Canadian, born in this city, Mr. Robert Moffatt Gullett, youngest son of Mr. Fred. B. Gullett, the well known monumental sculptor of Church street. It is not too much to say that a future may be expected for this young sculptor if he pursues the plastic art. Whilst visiting Mr. Gullett's studio we were shown sketches of a large monument that is to be erected at Springhill, Nova Scotia, in memory of one hundred and twenty five men who lost their lives by an explosion in a coal mine in that district. The monument consists of a granite pedestal 15 feet high. On the shaft will be engraved the names of all the unfortunate men, and the pedestal will be surmounted by a heroic statue representing a miner with his safety lamp, pick, etc. This will be executed by Mr. Gullett, at his works, corner Church and Lombard streets, and will be completed in time for the unveiling ceremony next year. Mr. Gullett deserves to be complimented not only on having produced such a unique design but for being entrusted with such an important work. In modelling the heroic figure of the miner, Mr. Gullett, Jr., will have a task that will give him fine scope for his taste and skill. We wish both Mr. F. B. Gullett and his son every success.

The Piano-Car-Forte-Trolley-Tune-Twister.

"HE infernal racket and dust kicked up by these abominable trolley cars is almost unbearable," sighed the law student to his godfather as he tearfully wiped a section of a sandpile out of his left eye, totally oblivious of the fact that he was by the same action considerably extending the jurisdiction of a smudge of soot on the end of his nose. "I wonder why somebody doesn't invent something to mitigate the evil."

"Invent!" growled Uncle Harper in such a stern tone of voice that his godson instinctively knew at once that he must have touched one of the spots on the old man where the hair was short. "Invent nothin'," continued he, in a quieter tone of voice, but still with a rising inflection. "You see before you one of the victims of the inventin' fad, the wretched and stranded remains of a man who tried to do good to his fellow creatures and was nearly torn to pieces by their gratitude. Do you mean to say that you never heard of Harper's celebrated piano-car-forte-trolley-tune-twister! What?" howled the old man, "am I to conclude that your parents have never loaded your understanding with the recital of a country's base ingratitude towards one of the greatest public benefactors of modern times?"

The law student, after carefully figuring on the means for speedy retreat in case his godfather's ire should master his paternal love and affection, humbly admitted that he had never heard of the unparalleled invention and asked for the particulars.

The old man's feelings were evidently seriously wounded and he glared for some seconds at his godson with the cold and stony expression of a side of beef in a refrigerator car. However after an interval of silence he recovered his equanimity, and after playfully chucking the youngster under the chin with his left foot, he shoved his upper set of teeth little further back to give full play to his prehenes tongue and commenced as follows:

"Some ten or fifteen years ago when this here trolley business was just beginnin' to cut its teeth, I was livin' in a city out west which it would hurt my feelings to mention. I was keepin' the biggest store of the kind in town a-sellin' tinware and other musical instruments. havin' an artistic taste and a likin' for municipal politics I was big punkins at causes and tea-fights and considerible of a dude at religius gatherin's, golden weddin's, cock-fights, and miscellaneous sore-eyes dansants" at all of which big feet give the rest of a feller's body a high standin' in society." Here Uncle Harper paused for a blissful second to glance admiringly at the pair of coffin-shaped valises which encased his phenomenal nether mon-

strosities, and then continued:

"He evidently meant 'Soires Danzante'."

"Occupying the aforesaid prominent position on the floor of the house I naturally took a big interest in the affairs of the nation as it were. I have always felt that in this democratic country the members of the aristocracy should at least display an interest in the grievances of the common people. The inhabitants of the town were nearly wild over the trolley, for in addition to the fact that the electricity prevented the grass from a-growin' on the streets, hanged if the sawin' roar of the motors didn't prevent the people a gettin' their usual '12 hours' sleep. This was a serious matter and added considerably to living expenses, for they had been in the habit of sleepin' till dinner time, thus escapin' breakfast, and this innovation meant three meals a day if it meant anything, and the extra meal naturally rankled folks terrible."

"I had picked up a street planer a few years before from an Italian who had died intestate, takin' it in exchange for his funeral expenses, and used often to amuse myself a-takin' it to pieces and putting it together again, until I had kinder mastered the principle of the thing. I found that it was worked with a kind of cylinder covered with prickles which comin' in contact with a lot of musical steel teeth when the cylinder was twisted produced the music for the monkey."

"Now thinks I; this here electric motor on the cars is generated in exactly the same way by means of a cylinder covered with a lot of teeth like a brush. Why not set it to music on the same principle?

"Well, sir; the idea took such complete possession of my mind that I could think of nothin' else, until finally I decided to see the thing through or bust. I started in by mortgagin' my stock and puttin' my whole capital in a trial car. I got her fixed up at last arrangin' the airs carefully and keepin' a number of popular ones in reserve for special occasions, for I wasn't a goin' to run no low down music hall you bet. At last the eventful day arrived for the trial trip. I was blowed right up with pride and my heart was a beatin' away like a carpet when I started that first car off down street at seven o'clock of Dominion Day, 1875, rippin' out the Maple Leaf Forever to beat the band, followin' it up with My Heart and Thine, Mary, and other loyal and patriotic airs suitable to the occasion.

"You bet it wasn't long before the news spread and the crowds of people that turned out from all parts to see and hear the invention which I decided to call "Harper's piano-car-forte-trolley-tune-twister" (in honor of myself) was a holy terror. I was dined and whisked as I had never been before (or since) by the corporation and principal citizens and felt that my fortune was made.

"I had the theirs for ordinary occasions fixed up tastefull-like and the effect was great. The menu was somethin' like this:

First car, 6 a.m.—Entrée.
Sunday—Awake My Soul.
Week days—So Early in the Morning.
Car between 12 and 1—Déjeuner.
Medley (Johnny Get Your Gun.
Meat, Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England.
Car between 6 and 7 p.m.—Afternoon Tea.
Selection (Hang up the Shovel and the Hoe.
The Bell goes a-singing for Sarah.

During the long, cool summer evenin's Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh, Stars of the Summer Night, and Juanita, freighted the balmy air with strains of love-sick melody, and when Home, Sweet Home lingered on the breeze youths and maidens fair realized that it was time to wind the clock and kick the cat down the cellar. The all-night car was set to We Won't go Home till Morning. Ah, my boy, I thought my fortune was made, but, alas! Here the old man paused with a sigh and meditatively pulled his godson's hair before he continued:

"I should have been a rich man if I hadn't been betrayed by my assistant who was an infernal villain, and this was the way the smash up come about. On the twelfth of July arrangements had been made for a monster parade of the Orange body, who were very strong around that section. They thought it would be a splendid idea to hire my car for their lady True Blues and have it play a selection of Orange airs. To this request of course I was only too happy to comply, but alas my assistant was a Roman Catholic, d—n him, and fixed things, and when the procession started, instead of commencing with The Boyne Water as I had intended, the strains of St. Patrick's Day came, clawing up the atmosphere.

"The crowd for a moment wuz paralyzed—only for a moment—and then—I left town when I heard the Grand Master howlin' for a rope—" The law student realized that his godfather's feelings should be respected at such a moment and left the millionth part of a second in front of the poker.

G. J. A.

A Grain of Sand.

ISAT upon the high bank. Beneath on the shore were a boy and a girl. The latter was the older and of maturer thought. They were out on a summer's holiday enjoying the refreshing atmosphere. The sound of their voices did not reach me, and I had to glean their thought from their actions. This then is the picture—the two young hearts and their and my surroundings presented to me. I was high above the water. Slowly the waves moved on until within a few feet of the strand, then they made a gleeful rush and up shot columns of blue water dispensing into spray. For a moment there appeared to be an ebb, but again the surf lashed the shore.

The boy watched the rolling waters at first with terror, but now with joy. He became full of glee as he sprang back to escape the breaking of the storm-tossed waters. He attempted to throw, far out, driftwood and pebbles. Suddenly he stopped to ponder. Nature had arrested his attention. He took to thinking. As he looked away off to the horizon, the broad expanse stirred up within him grand and noble thoughts. He yearned to do something pure and lofty. Again he applied himself to driftwood and pebbles, but these appeared to have

no effect upon the water. The wind and the waves were stronger than he. Alas, he was weak and he sighed to think he could do nothing to effect the world around him.

Nothing but musing was left him. He wished he could cast the high rock, which stood defiant before the raging storm, far out where the depth was great. It would make a grand splash and agitate the water. The size and weight of the rock, however, subdued his high spirits and he wept to think of his weakness. How could he ever struggle in this world and do good! His motives might be the highest and best, but his strength would not sustain him. Brushing the sand and grit off his hands he rushed to his companion and buried his face in her lap. He had learned to trust and admire her. By his sobs he conveyed to her his grief. She was a student, comely, elegant and handsome. How was the child to be soothed? This was no mere examination question, it was a task from the great book of life—the fiery furnace through which all must pass. He would not be comforted by the words, "Wait until you are big." She had read and believed that the minutest thing or act was not without its effects. To impress the boy with the grandeur of this thought was now her aim. Her gentle manner and sweet words calmed him. He was about to say that for the present he would struggle no more with his thoughts, but in a twinkling he shrieked aloud. A fierce struggle raged within him. Would he keep from troubling her by saying he was not deeply moved by what had occurred, or would he be true to himself, and say that all was still thick darkness. His love for her was strong. His struggle for the light was desperate. He was still in the agony of indecision when she arose and said, "Come with me and I will show you how to use what strength you have." His love for her grew greater, she had decided a terrible contest for him. Holding him by the hand she related to him how by getting gradually nearer to the water he a short time before lost his horror of the waves. By little advances and not great strides had he done this. Had he rushed in at once he might have forever after feared the water that had given him so much delight. Little acts when repeated produced powerful consequences. Next she took him to a quiet neck of water and had him cast in pebbles. Even the smallest made a ripple, and it had its effect though he might not recognize it. At last he shouted, "Why, even one grain of sand makes a motion." "Yes, indeed," assuredly said his lovely companion, "and a handful of sand makes many motions. And what is a pebble but sand, what is a stone but sand, what is that great rock but sand? If you move the rock, the pebble or the grain of sand, small though it be, the whole earth is effected, so intimately are the works of nature connected. Years not, then, to waste your strength in endeavoring to do great things, but strive rather to increase it by doing many things within the powers that God has given you."

They wended their way back towards the cottage, she feeling stronger and nobler. He was so delighted that he pranced about her as if beside himself. I saw him pick up a little flower that was washed in by the waves, he lovingly brushed the sand off it and with a smile that spoke of pure delight placed it on her breast. The waves lashed the shore. I looked beyond to the horizon. The voices beneath me had ceased. I was alone on the bank. I cast down a grain of sand; may it never cause ill to this boy and girl.

ALEXANDER.

A Silhouette.

SIMEON was not his name. He was one of those interesting personalities known as characters. As if we were not all characters, as much so in our way as Sam Weller, or Dogberry, or Pecksniff. The only characterless man I have ever known—is dead.

To return to Simeon.

Here he is, whiskered like a half-worn broom, grizzled-haired to match; hunch-backed, so that his high gray eyes rolled upward if they sought mine for company. He was weighed down with the great ugly shoulder humps and sixty-three years of life.

January to December journeys over a narrow, rough, up-hill road. Simeon is a gravedigger.

He has shook the earth from off the side of his much-worn shovel on six times sixty-three coffin lids. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." It's an old a story he has an order for a grave.

He's the sexton too. I've known scores of here trolleys—most of them hunch-backed. And he's rung hundreds of souls from grave to glory. Without knowing it! Probably.

Simeon is dead.

It takes a queer shaped box to hold the hunch-back. It seemed to me as if the shovel should have been buried with him. But the new gravedigger sprinkled the earth from on the roof of the body of old Simeon. And he tolled the bell by the same old rope. Men may come and men may go, but life goes on forever. And Simeon is a character in Heaven.

FRANK YOUNG.

He who gets into war, the chaw, or in love, will not get out of it just when he pleases.



The Emperor Octavian, called the August, I being his favorite, bestowed his name Upon me, and I hold it still in trust, In memory of him and of his fame. I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage; Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim The golden harvests as my heritage.

Sweet Pea Blossoms!

For Saturday Night.
Pretty sweet pea blossoms
Nodding in a row,
May I tell story
How you can e'er to grow?
In the long ago, dear,
You were quite unknown,
Never was your perfume
On the breeze blown.

But one day in springtime,
Seven youthful Quakers
At a quiet meeting
Talked among their shakers.
And one maid, Perilla,
Who was rather vain,
Thought their snowy bonnets
Were a trifle plain.

Between You and Me.

YOU are a true philosopher," said one woman to another, as she listened to an airy disposal of a question liable to cause a life-long discussion and disagreement between an ordinary couple. And the philosopher looked straight ahead with steady, courageous, bright eyes, and said slowly, "I never let outside influences run me, whether they come from people or circumstances." How beautiful to have a character so strong, so hardy, so well grounded that one could run oneself! Temptation would sneak by on the other side, criticism would pause at a respectful distance, persuasion would fold her airy wings in recognition of the uselessness of beating them against a marble wall! And far above sorrow and shame and worry and longing the white soul would sit serene and philosophize.

Talking of persuasion, I wonder does anyone dislike being coaxed as much as I do. When I say I won't, it always seems to me a stern necessity, regrettable but wise. When I am teased, or coaxed, or argued into going or doing contrary to my refusal, I distinctly lose *caste* with myself. Strength goes from me. Needless to remark I seldom say I won't, from a wise fear of being made subsequently say I will. Besides, I am not a philosopher, and I am largely at the mercy of circumstances.

To-day as I write I notice by my calendar that it is Emancipation Day, and memories queer and quaint crowd upon me. "Fust o' August" used to be a great day in the town which was the scene of my earliest escapades.

The dark, shining faces, the soft, unctuous tones, the book muslin Garabaldis, the white cotton gloves, the palm-leaf fans of our darkie friends come back to me, like a company of jolly, laughing, loyal-hearted shades from some tropical paradise. They stood about the lemonade stands and lolled under the trees of "the grove," and the white-headed old darkie minister spoke faltering and eloquent words of noble England and "Lady Victoria," and the day of jubilee was cheered and sung.

"Fure do wah, that was, when we could command in that little town royal cooks and perfect waiters for a small fee and at a moment's notice; those dusky folk who had fled by swamp and river, by hill and valley, from the lash of the overseer, from the fate of being sent "down ribber," from dishonor, worse than death or slave whip! Some of those women walked with the step of an empress, their veins full of the blood of African kings or Southern aristocracy. Black or yellow, they were sometimes grand creatures, one of them gave me my first taste of hydro-pathic treatment in this world, at the first screech of a Sunday dawn. Another told me quaint tales under resinous smelling pines, in the lovely old home garden, when I nursed a flat-bodied, grey linen doll-baby, with adoring admiration and solicitude; another made ready my marriage feast; all my life long, gentle care, love and interest from these transplanted creatures has brooded over and blessed the gala days; and now, when I never see a darkie who does not wear patent leather slippers and bangs, my heart remembers those ample-bosomed mammas, those crack-voiced, down-at-heels, one-suspended old Uncles—and I send them my love on "fust o' August."

Three "real cuffed pussions" invaded the sanctum, with whitewash and ladders one day lately. They talked real darkie-talk, slouched about in real darkie-style and laughed the irresistibly contagious laughter of the South. They will never know how Lady Gay enjoyed them!

I would there could be another Emancipation Day! Just a little one for a cent, you know, very private and scattery, to pick out and free some of the slaves I know who live hopelessly on right here in Toronto. I know men who live in the slavery of servitude to some corporation, some business, some weakness, some vice, sold body, mind and spirit to toil or sin. Some who are as well fitted to be admired and respected as ever was a Juno or a Hercules of a black slave. And I know women who serve in patient slavery, some selfish, exacting taskmaster whom they love or pity, some reckless child whom they hope to save, someone who denies them in some torturing way the freedom they have as their birthright. I wonder at them, for I'm not quite built on those lines myself. Perhaps the Emancipation Orations of my baby days gave me wrong ideas on the subject of submission.

Talking of orations, won't somebody stop the talking about Sunday cars? For weeks, long suffering readers have had to wade through or skip columns of rubbish about nonsensical distinctions and bogus screeds from savants and soul savers. It has degenerated into a perfect wire-pulling fake, and has created no end of wondering amusement in the minds of our numerous visitors. One bright person said: "What is the need of it all? If you are going to leave it to a vote, why don't you? I wonder the Toronto papers can spare the space they do to such a matter." I assured him that he did not understand Toronto, and he discredited me by asking "Well, do you?" And I climbed on my wheel and got away from him as fast as I could.

LADY GAY.

Dramatic and Literary Notes.

Kleiser's Star Course for the coming season has already been arranged and promises to surpass last season. It will open some evening in October with the Ovid Musin Grand Concert Company; in November, Eugene Field, the poet-journalist, will visit us; in December, Russell H. Conwell will lecture on Acres of Diamonds or where to get rich and become great; in January James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet, will return, accompanied by Douglass Sherley, the Southern author, giving selections from their own works; in February, Robert J. Burdette will lecture on Our Mission in Mars; and in March A. A. Willits of Dayton, Ohio, will give his clever lecture entitled Sunshine. Subscribers to the Course will secure first choice of seats at

the rate of fifty cents a ticket, and no new names will be accepted after the list is once closed.

One of the best novels of the year is *The Heavenly Twins* by Sarah Grand. It is making quite a sensation in London, and is undeniably a "purpose novel," inspired by social problems, the discussion of which is more likely to attract attention in this form than in any other. Sarah Grand has the courage of her convictions. She believes that men should lead as pure lives as women are expected to lead. Evadne, the heroine of the story, discovers on her wedding day that her husband has led a fast life and she leaves him just as they are about to take the train for their bridal trip. Another novel which is being rapidly translated into different languages is *Forbid the Banni*, by Frank Moore. It impressed me more than any book I have read for years. The wonderful skill of the author in handling his plot is only realized when digesting the story after having read it. This story also has a "purpose," but I will not indicate it, for in attempting to do so in a few words the result would be to shock the reader, whereas the book itself will shock no one, but will set everyone thinking on the matter of marriage. The story is unique in conception and humorous from first to last. Both these books are on sale at John P. McKenna's Yonge street, near King.

Cleveland's Minstrels opened the theatrical season in Toronto on Monday by a matinee and evening performance at the Grand. The people will scarcely consider the season as really in full swing until the first of September, although some good attractions will be put on at the different houses during the latter half of August.

REVIEWER.

A Delightful Trip

DURING this hot weather most people are anxious for change and recreation; especially the worn out man of business, the weak and sickly and the lover of ease and pleasure, to the weakly class just now, and after many enquiries whether I had better go for recuperation was hard to decide. By advice from those who knew the pleasure routes I decided to go up the Northern Lakes, and in carrying out my decision I took the route of the Great Northern Transit Co. on the steamer Baltic. In a few words I may state that in all my travels on the lakes and rivers of Canada, the United States and Europe, I have found this one the most interesting and beneficial; and for the benefit of those who are seeking for a trip that will be much pleased both with the unique and romantic scenery, the bracing and exhilarating influence of the pure air and appetizing influence of the refreshing breezes, I recommend it.

There are several places along the route that elicit the deepest interest both by their mountainous and forest aspect and the aboriginal character of the inhabitants; passing island after island through broad and narrow channels of the clear and beautiful waters is a continual and varied source of admiration. And then the comforts afforded by the polite and efficient officers of the boat add very much to the desirability of this trip; and though the cost of it is so very small the *cuisine* is equal to that of the Atlantic steamers. The table is luxurious enough for any epicure. Everything is spotlessly clean, and the young men who act as waiters strictly and courteously attend to their duties.

Now, reader, remember this is no advertisement, but the candid advice of one who gratefully acknowledges the advantages of this satisfying trip.

PATER-DON.

The Book Fiend's Discomfort.

MADAME," said the enterprising book agent, inserting one foot upon the threshold as a precaution against the door being closed upon him as soon as his errand became known. "I called to show you a sample of a valuable work which will shortly be issued at the low price of five dollars, elegantly bound, profusely illustrated with genuine steel engravings in the highest style of art."

"Well now," said the old lady, "that's real kind of you. It does look a pretty nice book now, doesn't it? And that's the picture of the author? Well now, do you know there's something about him that reminds me of my cousin Martha Jenkins' husband when they was first married about fifteen years ago, though he's aged a great deal since then, and only natural too, poor man, for they've had a heap of trouble, what between losing three of their children with the diphtheria and him falling in business it's no wonder he's grown gray and peaked-like. We all thought Martha was doing so well when she married him, for every body said he was real wealthy and he was reeve of the village then, too; but he was mortgaged to one of these loan companies, and when his partner swindled him and went off to the State the company sold them up and then he moved down to the city and got a job in a livery stable, which was all he could get to do, but he'd had a little money left him since, and I expect he'll go into business again, but land's sake, it's pretty hard when a man has to begin all over again at his age, for he must be about fifty-five now."

"Yes, ma'am. The very best work of the kind on the market. Should be in the library of every intelligent family who desire to keep pace with the progress of the age. Payments, if desired, in monthly instalments of fifty cents. Should be pleased to take your name as a subscriber."

"I suppose there's many people likes to pay thay way, which must be a great convenience for those who have not much money. Now, there was Mrs. Snoper on Berkley street—perhaps you might know her. When she started house-keeping a couple of years ago, she bought everything on the instalment plan, and I think she did right, for Snoper is one of those careless, easy-going fellows that never put by a cent. They'd been boarding for three or four years, but they didn't like it, and as she says to me last time I saw her—it was down at the market. 'Mrs. Dillaboy,' says she, 'there's nothing after all like having a home of

your own; you can come and go as you please.' And Snoper having a steady job all the time, for he's a good workman and well liked by his employers, they was able to pay for it inside of a year, and since then they've managed to put by enough to take a trip to the World's Fair—"

"Yes ma'm—will you—"

"To the World's Fair and I expect they'll have a real good time. Why Mr. Fladd who is a great friend of my son-in-law who has just got back after being away for two weeks, says its perfectly wonderful and that nothing like it was ever seen before, but I don't hold with opening it on Sunday, and it didn't cost him more than fifty dollars, but then he has friends there which makes a difference."

"Quite so—if you wish to—"

"You see his brother has been there for about five years and he's clerk in a big hardware store. He had to take a low salary at first but when he got to know the business they increased it and he got married last summer to a girl that he was engaged to in Goderich. She broke it off once and everybody thought she was going to marry Capt. Wadeleigh but the Captain—. What you're not going are you? Well, good bye. We've had a real pleasant chat. Call again next time you're passing."

But the agent with a wild and careworn look on his features was already out of hearing.

P. T.

A Mistaken Judge.

A CANADIAN judge who was very abstemious, although not liking to be altogether without a horn, was traveling some years ago on the C.P.R. to spend his vacation at the Coast, and took with him a small case containing two bottles of whisky. Just before arriving at Moosomin he asked a fellow traveler sitting opposite to him, if this was not the place where the police came through the cars examining the baggage for whisky, showing at the same time the small case and explaining its contents.

"Yes," said his traveling companion, "it is, but I am well known to the police (being one myself returning from furlough in plain clothes), and I do not think that they will say anything to me as it is such a small case."

"All right," said the judge; "you take charge of it."

On reaching Moosomin the policeman on duty boarded the train, and walking up to where the one in plain clothes was sitting, said: "Hello, old fellow, I am glad to see you back, you are not due at headquarters for four days yet, come and stay with me." At the same time he picked up the case saying, "When I take this along you can't refuse."

The Judge, seeing his whisky departing, called out, "I am a judge, that is mine" (not being willing that either his name or the bar where he dispensed his gruel should become public), "I only asked him to take charge of the case for me."

"So am I," said the present holder of the case, "as it is such a trifling one and you look so tired, I shall have no objection to dispose of it for you."

The Judge looked glum but presently his whole countenance brightened up on seeing his fellow-passengers returning from the rear car with the case, the matter having been explained to the one on duty and as far as I know, they have all kept their own counsel about the matter ever since.

The three are now thousands of miles apart, although they all met once since the occurrence when they agreed to try a case between them.

VIAATOR.

How They Play It.

DID you ever watch women alone at whist and note the interest taken? I visited at a suburban hotel in Chicago and one evening after being for a stroll my friend and self walked into the parlor where four ladies, two widows and two young girls, were enjoying a game of whist.

Sitting on a lounge at some little distance we watched the game and occasionally chimed in with our opinion on subjects brought up and cards laid down. Finally the conversation turned to cooking and soon there was a very spirited debate on the way to boil potatoes. The English widow declared that the only way her father would eat potatoes was when put on a quick fire in cold water, which made them white and mealy, and asking what card led played her hand. The elder, an American widow, laid down her card and stated very positively that there was only one correct way, and that was to put them in boiling water. As one of the girls asked what was trumps, the English widow said she would never do them any but the way she learned at home. When the girl took the trick she only liked the potatoes boiled with the jackets on. Then the younger girl dealt a new hand remarking that there could be no difference in boiling anything as potatoes, and asking what did it matter how they were boiled as long as they got soft! Which brought such a storm of indignation from the others, myself and friend included, each giving her opinion over again all at the same time and trying to make herself heard above the others that the poor girl tramped her partner's ace, causing a remand from that partner, which was only interrupted by a roar of laughter from some gentlemen standing in the hall who came in and gave their opinion—on whist.

ELSIE WEST.

A Tale of a Tub.

HE WAS a very fat man. With his wife he was spending a few summer weeks in a retired country village, seeking change and quiet away from the busy hands of men. Now, this stout man missed his morning bath, provided for in such luxurious style in his city home, so on the third day of his stay in the far-away village he ordered a bath to be brought to his room for the following morning. The fat man's wife arose betimes at his request, vacated the apartment, and proceeded to a distant veranda to enable her lord to perform his ablutions in solitude.

He arose, surveyed the situation, and pre-

pared to enjoy himself as far as the family wash tub, half filled with water from the sparkling stream, would allow. The room occupied by these city visitors was small; its only window looked out on the village street, which window was very near the floor. A highly ornate blind of gay pattern secluded the occupants from the vulgar gaze of curiosity. This blind had a patent spring; it also had a trick unknown to the fat man and his wife. The latter had carefully lowered it before leaving the apartment.

Splash! Splash! The discipline of cleanliness stod in the tub. How cool the water was, how refreshing! "How delicious is the limpid stream!" Poetry filled the soul of the fat man; he quoted a stanza of Tennyson's Brook; then hummed a verse of The Mountain Stream; his heart was filled with love for things pastoral. To be sure the accommodation provided by the tub was limited, but what mattered that? Its contents were so refreshing. The slight vibration caused by the fat man's efforts to thoroughly enjoy his treat, perhaps jarred the room. The blind performed its trick. It shot up with a whiz to the top of the window. The bather crouched in an agony of fear as far as he could get in the family tub. We will draw a veil over the fat man.

It was his wife who discovered him at last, in abject fear he crouched half under the bed, in frenzied accents entreating a curious female, who had paused in passing, to "Go away!"

The fat man does not like the country as well as he first thought he would; he is going back to the city, where he can enjoy his morning ablutions in seclusion, and where the ornate trick blind is a thing unknown.



Watermelon time — Taken by F. T. Harmon in Judge.

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FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

A Queer Place

A tall, well built young man lounged into a London barber's shop a day or two ago, closely followed by a sleek, intelligent Italian greyhound. The man took his place in a chair, and the dog quickly reclined on the floor nearby. The barber stooped to pat the graceful creature, and jocularly said:

"Th' tap av th' mahrn' to ye, Rover."

The dog cocked his ears and looked enquiringly at his master. The latter observed:

"Ze dogge do not speak Angliees. He's a Parisian." Then he looked at his pet and continued:

"Bon jour, Baptiste."

The dog enthusiastically whacked his tail upon the floor, and replied to his master's salutation by a low, throat-like gurgle of satisfaction.

"Can he do any tricks?" asked the barber, pausing in his work.

"Certainly," replied the young Frenchman,

still speaking broken English; "tell him to roll over."

The barber did so, but the dog merely remained quiet, and a worried anxious expression spread over his face. Then his master repeated the command in French, and the graceful pet, with a short bark of pleasure, at once rolled over and over.

The barber told him to sit up, to charge, to shake hands, etc., but doggie could not understand until his owner repeated the suggestions in his native tongue.

As both left the shop, the barber shook his head doubtfully. "Next!" he called out, and then added in an undertone, "It's meself as must go to Passe. Sure it's a quare town where even the dogsphake Frinch." —E.C. Change.

Old Story But a Good One.

Three men-of-war-ships, Dutch, French and English, while anchored in port, were contending with each other for the best display of seamanship, so the captain of each vessel determined to send aloft an active sailor to perform some deed of grace and daring. The Dutch captain sent a Dutchman, the French a Frenchman and the English an Irishman. The Dutchman stood on the top of the mainmast with his arm extended. The Frenchman then went aloft and

A Coat-tail Adventure.

"I never ride over this line," said the man next to me as we were boating along through West Virginia, "without remembering an adventure I had at the white Sulphur springs, or rather on a mountain in that neighborhood."

"Attacked by a wildcat!" I queried.

"No, sir!" he stiffly replied, as if insulted by the idea. "So far as my experience goes, I have never yet heard of a gentleman being attacked by a wildcat. I was out on the mountains for a ramble. Finding a very secluded spot I sat down on a rock to rest."

"And a rattlesnake appeared," I suggested.

"Did he? If so, I didn't see him! I am not in the menagerie business myself, and therefore know nothing about wildcats or rattlesnakes. It had been raining for several days, and unknown to me a large slice of the mountain behind me was moving down into the valley. As I sat on this rock, my coat-tails hung down in a crevice behind me."

"And were seized by a panther, of course, and you were pulled over backwards?"

"Young man, do you wish to hear this adventure?" he frigidly demanded.

"Of course."

"Then don't be quite so forward with your suggestions! What do I know of wildcats, panthers and rattlesnakes! No true gentleman has any use for such creatures. I had been sitting there for perhaps an hour when I decided to return to the hotel. I rose up—no, I did not rise up—I did not rise. My coat-tails were caught as in a vice and I was a prisoner."

"Great Scot! but what an opening for a hungry bear?" I gasped.

"Do you run a menagerie as a regular business?" he sneeringly asked as he turned on me.

"No, but you see—"

"Then don't ring in any more animals or reptiles on me! Such things are vulgar and repulsive to a gentleman. At first I was not greatly alarmed, thinking I could pull myself loose, but a few efforts convinced me that the situation was a serious one. Then I began to shout for help. No help came, my struggles and cries brought on a fierce thirst, but not a drop of water was to be had. By and by the sun went down and night came on."

"And an owl came and perched on a limb above your head and sounded his wild, weird cry!"

"You were there, were you?"

"No, but you see—"

"What are owls selling at in the market just now? Perhaps you have a corner in owls!"

"Go on with your story."

"At intervals during that long and never ending night I cried out, but there was no one to hear me. I thought they might miss me at the hotel and send a searching party, but they did not. Morning finally came. Hunger, thirst and exposure had almost done for me, and I doubted if I could live the day through unless released. I looked up at the morning sky and—"

"And a fierce vulture was poised above you, waiting for the coming feast!"

He turned away from me with such a look of contempt and disdain that I knew I could get nothing more out of him than. Both of us lighted fresh cigars and picked up our newspapers, and it was an hour later when I softly queried:

"Did help come that day?"

"Now!" he jerked out.

"And you passed a second night!"

"Yes."

"You could by no possible means loosen your coat tails!"

"Would I have been as enough to stay there for thirty-six hours if I could have pulled the tails out and gone my way?" he fairly howled.

We smoked and read some more, and then I asked.

"My dear boy, didn't it occur to you to wriggle out of your coat and leave the blamed thing behind?"

"By George, no!" he gasped as he bobbed around on the seat. "Why, of course, I could have done it! Why, any fool would have known enough!"

"What's the matter?" I asked as he grew pale and quiet and regarded me with a baleful eye.

"The idea!" he muttered, "the idea that such a thing should never have occurred to a gentleman, but would be the first move made by a dealer in animals! Young man, take your blamed old wildcats and rattlesnakes and vultures and other baggage and go out of my sight! I want nothing more to say to you while life shall last."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Topnoody's Typewriter.

Mr. Topnoody was eating his supper very peacefully, and was enjoying it so much that he had not noticed how ominously quiet his wife was at the other end of the table.

"Topnoody," she said, with such force, just as he bit a piece out of a biscuit that he almost choked on it, "I understand you have got a new typewriter in your office."

"Yes, my dear, I have," he replied, in innocent surprise.

"Well, now," she exclaimed, growing red in the face, "I won't have it. A man at your time of life ought to know better, even if he has no regard for his wife and family. There are men who might, with a certain brazen effrontery, do as you have done, but a man of family, as you are, and a member of the church—I am shocked beyond utterance."

Mr. Topnoody looked as if he were suffering from the same sort of shock, for he was absolutely speechless.

"Don't try to deny it or to explain," she went on angrily, "for you have not only admitted it, but you have admitted it to me and I shall—"

"But, my dear," began Mr. T., recovering his utterance.

"Don't speak to me," she cried, "you have taken that thing into your office when you promised me faithfully you never would have another, and, worst of all, this one is only twenty years old, and the other near forty if she was a day," and she began sobbing.

"I don't know, my dear, how old the other was," said Mr. T. with a quiet smile, now that the light had dawned on him, "but if the one I got yesterday is twenty years old I'm going to raise a row with the agent who sold it

to me, for he assured me it had just come from the factory."

"I'm an idiot," sobbed Mrs. T., looking up joyfully.

"Yes, dear," responded Mr. T., taking another bite out of the biscuit.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Coming to the Front at Last.

your person, or any person who has tattered, I don't approve of him. I don't much care for persons anyway, to tell you the truth. If you happen to be one, why I think you ought to make a pretty decent sort of one. Your writing shows a marked preference for some lighter study than original sin. Is it not music?"

A CONUNDRUM—Your writing shows a strong will, much perseverance and courage, good judgment and candor. You are self-conscious, matter-of-fact, with ability to plan large enterprises, but taste for speculation. I am afraid perception, tact, and the faculty for influencing are not markedly evident. You could argue, but not persuade; as the same time you should be successful in business, though perhaps not in the way you mention. However, you may only find that out by trying, and I am sure you will try honestly and earnestly. Considering the opportunities you have had, your letter is in opposition and writing does you infinite credit. I would that many of my correspondents had your modesty and sterling good qualities!

CARO—1. Such a small attention would be thought nothing of by a person in the whirl of society. It is constantly offered and accepted by mere acquaintances. It is by no means to be regarded as a marked attention. If the party concerned dreads remark upon it, the best thing he can do is to pay the very same attention to one or two more ladies—then, let them fight it out between them—the public will think just as they please anyway. They always do. 2. Your writing shows a refined and sensitive nature, a little self-conscious, and desirous for effect. Your affection is rather small, and your tact and intuitive perception excellent; you admit pretty things and are fastidious and nasty. You are truthful, rather persevering, with a fairly logical mind and would probably be a favorite in society.

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The Heaviest Sentence.

Primus—How did Hollis explain his desertion of his wife and children to the justice?

Secundus—He said his wife was a virago. He was punished for resisting the police.

Primus—Got six months on the island?

Secundus—No. Six months at home?

The Evolution of a Sentiment.

Maxim generally adopted by elders regarding young ones one or two generations ago: "Children should be seen and not heard."

Maxim generally adopted by young ones regarding elders at the present time: "Old people should be neither seen nor heard."

Amateur Gardening.

Young Housewife—James, I want you to make a little garden for me out in the back yard.

Young Husband—Going into amateur gardening?

Young Housewife—Yes; I got some bird-seed this afternoon and I'm going to try to raise some canaries.

Popularity Waning.

She (after the opera)—Well, it strikes me that Gilbert and Sullivan have had their day.

He—Yes; it's all Corbett now.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every gynaecological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Gynaecological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own or the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HANHER—Quotations are not studied. If you will send me six lines of any original matter, and written on unruled paper, I will delineate them.

MICAWBER—Your writing was delineated, and I dare say the character pleased you, if you saw it. I am always sorry to see studies miss their original's notice but I have no space to do them twice.

YOU KNOW ME—Tact, good temper, love of beauty and an affectionate and optimistic nature, rather a deliberate and persevering method, candid, and honorable, but neither markedly original nor forceful. Are you a little fond of your own sweet self?

GRIM—Honor, impulse, good temper, honesty, and a very bright and enterprising personality are yours. You are generous, sociable and not particularly exciting, have good self esteem and should be a popular, merry and affectionate soul, at peace with yourself and your neighbors, if you can make the best of any place and circumstance.

DREAMER—Strong impulse, love of beauty, a little tendency to asthmatitis, strength and persistence, an original, imperative and clever mind show in this speaking study. Writer is generous and impetuous, self-willed and self-indulgent, bright and magnetic in manner and extremely fond of sensation and motion. His dreams ought to be nightmares sometimes.

BELL OF THE BALL—Strong self-assertion and determination, rather a bright perception, ambition and a tendency to look up; a somewhat practical and sensible person, reasonably cautious, but not reserved; a nature capable of sacrifice in case of necessity but not apt to needlessly take a martyr's place; a strong rather than a sweet nature, but worthy of considerable admiration.

NOMINITY—1. I have never bestowed much thought upon Imperial federation. I am not aware to the best of going it alone, as some as we are able. I believe very thoroughly in Canada as a country. 2. Your writing gives promise of an excellent character of the strong and reliable sort—but I think it is immature, and would sooner not delineate it for fear of not doing you justice. One thing is certain, that you've chosen a middle name deplume.

THE BLACK-HEART GYPSY.—A little hopeful, a little self-willed, very fond of praise, and anxious to leave a good impression, with a bright mind, and rather vivacious manner, very persistent, rather logical and with good sense and a sense of ideas; fond of society, but prudent and sometimes cautious; altogether rather an attractive personality, but a little open to improvement in matters of culture—order and neatness are probable, habitual—and plenty of force and impulse can be relied upon.

GEE—You are rather unpractical and I don't think would ever make a business woman; you are apt to waste effort aimlessly, are a little peculiar in temper,慷慨, careful and conscientious, caution and slight mistrust are visible. Your ideas are conservative and your opinions somewhat firm, tact, intuitive perception and power of inference are wanting; affection is light and no marked faculty for determined and sustained action shown. At the same time you can be a loyal and true friend.

PHARAOH—Your *de plume*, if intended for the King of Egypt, is wrongly spelled. 2. I read Kipling and like him very much. I did not notice the traits you speak of in that particular sketch; to me it seemed very beautiful. The other books you admire speak well for your humanitarism. Your letter did not worry me at all, and I am sorry not to give you a gynaecological delineation, but your writing is such a very studied and informed hand that is would not repay the effort. As for the enclosure, I could not delineate pencil writing, and the study is, in any case, too immature.

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BELVIDORE—Some of the lines in your study give the impression of pessimism, and others are strong and bright that I must infer you're a man of mood; you are clever, somewhat original and dependent on sympathy for happiness. Some humor and warm affection, a love of comfort, slight idealism, strong will and a decidedly forceful and manly individuality. If it was not for those dependent lines, I should like you much better! 2. As to

"Well, then, before—before you kill me, allow me to look in yours."

"That is just," he murmured to himself, and, turning his head toward me, his brilliant eyes, burning with a secret fire, met mine.

With all my might I tried to read in those windows of the soul to discover, if possible, the motives that inspired my strange companion, to find a clue to his actions, something that would tell me how to influence him. My eyes plunged and lost themselves in those clear depths as in a still lake shadowed by mountains in deep and dense gloom. My spirit in these translucent depths of darkness, searching, searching, and not finding. Those brown waves were endowed with a Lethal potency; I forgot my danger, the world, myself, everything; I was drowned in oblivion, seeking the source of those bottomless springs.

I was aware of nothing that was going on around me, and so I did not notice the change that must gradually have come over the young Frenchman's face during our long, mutual gaze. His brows contracted, his features relaxed, his lips trembled, and the hand that held

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The Promise of the Eyes.

I was seated on a bench in the Bois de Boulogne, watching whether I had come to enjoy alone and uninterrupted a lovely October afternoon. The gray transparency of the Parisian atmosphere lent a wonderful glamor to the autumn hues, like filmy gauze over the face of some rich Eastern beauty, and the seductive harmony of the colors acted like magic music on the spirit. In the distance, the bare trees looked like vague blue smoke against the pale sky, and, near at hand, the fallen leaves, damp in shadowed places or dry and crisp in the sun, showed all the shades from purple and rich copper to gray and gold.

My gaze was fastened upon the horizon, and I was completely wrapped in that peculiar sadness which exquisitely harmonized with any kind of art produced.

"Est ce que ton cœur remplit la promesse de tes yeux?"

"Does your heart fulfill the promise of your eyes?"

I turned and beheld sitting on the bench beside me a young man who was regarding my face with a strange and intense interest.

He was a youth of slender build, and I should have known that even if I had not noticed his beautiful, musical pronunciation; his eyes were almond-shaped and very brilliant, owing to the bluish color of the whites, and the profound black of the pupils, his complexion a rich olive, his features straight and chiseled, and above his sweet, almost childishly innocent mouth a soft dark down was visible. His face was that of an enthusiast, a martyr in *posse*; he was evidently an extremist, and, like many who are very intense, inclined to narrowness of ideas. There was something in his expression

August 5, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Cricket Notes.

SINCE the introduction of cricket into this country it is doubtful whether as many big scores have been compiled in any one month as during the past month of July. No one club can claim a monopoly of the power to run up a lot of runs. Toronto, Rosedale, Parkdale, all through the country, elevens have been keeping the clerk of the figure board hard at work; even East Toronto, whose batting stock seems to be away below par, has made over a hundred runs per innings in three matches in one week. Last Saturday's match against Hamilton in the Association series was one of the most extraordinary displays of individual cricket it has ever been my luck to see. The game might well be called the Berry-Dean match, for the latter certainly won the game for Hamilton, making 106 out of 177; and if anybody could have saved the game for East Toronto it was Berry, who was the only bowler who appeared to have any command over the sphere. His analysis was 7 wickets for 41 runs. Of the Orient batmen, King, a new man, showed best form, making 27 in the first and 23, not out, in the second innings. He is a very clean, strong bat and can hit very quickly and hard. Five other men reached doubles. The fielding was not first class on either side, but the East Toronto men showed that they were unused to a fast outfield. Most active men can field fairly well on a slow ground, but put them on fast, hard outfield and they are quickly weighed in the balance and found wanting. The truth of the matter is that fielding is just as much a matter of brains or head-work as any other department of the game; in fact, a fielder should have his brains in his fingers and toes. An active man may chase along the boundary at top speed, secure the ball on the fly and "bring down the house" by his work. The brainy fielder will have foreseen the stroke from the pitch of the ball and the style of the batsman, and will have moved in expectation. Anyone who saw the English eleven under Lord Hawke's field, or read the comments in the American press will understand what I mean. Baseball fielding is doubtless a splendid training for cricket, but it is purely physical, a matter of hand and eye; the ball does not pitch on the ground and, until it has actually left the bat, the fielder cannot tell in what direction it is going. The baseball man may be able physically to cover more ground than the cricketer, but the latter, with his knowledge of the game, will move in the direction in which the ball will travel before his more active compeer, and will do the same amount of work with less brilliancy, no doubt, but with also less fatigue, an important matter if a two-day match is in progress. People are mistaken when they say, "Baseball men are better than cricketers in the field." They are nothing of the sort until they have gained the thorough knowledge of the game necessary to enable them to do the same amount of work, and then they are cricketers. Out here we don't pay much attention to a man's fielding; at all events we never pick a man solely because he is a first-class fielder, yet in England it is often done. G. B. Studd, who was afterwards captain of the Cambridge eleven when they defeated Murdock's famous Australian eleven, was first played by the Light Blues on account of his wonderful powers as a cover point; V. K. Royal was played by Lancashire simply for his fielding, in the same position, while wicket-keepers innumerable have worked their way to the front solely because they were good behind the stumps.

Another thing that every cricketer should make up his mind to is to submit to the authority of his captain. A very disgraceful occurrence took place on Saturday last when several members of an eleven refused to go in a second time, although told to do so, because they had not been consulted, or perhaps because they were afraid of spoiling their averages. The result was that the captain was placed in an extremely humiliating position. He had to go out and apologize to the opposing captain for the conduct of his men, a decidedly pleasant task, and a sort of tacit confession that his men were cowards or worse. Comment upon an incident of this kind is unnecessary; fortunately it is rare.

"Who do you think will play in the International match?" is frequently heard among cricketers now, and then each man quotes those of his choice and compares their merits with those of the men advocated by the others. Everybody who poses as a connoisseur picks Terry, Goldingham and Laing, as certainties, while many add Saunders, Lyon and others, forgetting that the match is an international game and that representatives from all over the country have to be chosen if the character of the eleven is to harmonize with its name. Toronto in justice cannot expect to have more than four representatives, if the claims of Hamilton, London and Ottawa are to be considered, while Winnipeg and Halifax also desire to send their quota. The truth is that to get together the strongest eleven in the country, there is no necessity to go beyond the borders of the Province of Ontario. The four towns mentioned can contribute eleven men who will whip any other eleven cricketers in Canada, and the knowledge of this fact does not tend to make the task of choosing the International eleven any easier. Next to Toronto, London has certainly the strongest claims, if public form has anything to do with it. On the other hand a gentleman who knows the London men very well says that the club is strong, because the men are all good, just about the same calibre, who know each other's play thoroughly, but none good enough to play for Canada. Gillespie and Martin of Hamilton are probabilities, and Bristow of Ottawa is worthy a place. Suppose those mentioned are picked, it will leave three places for the East and West to squabble over. The best thing that the committee can do is to pick the eleven from Ontario alone and convey the fact as gently and politely as possible to the men from elsewhere that they live too far out.

There are great times ahead of those who have the task of selecting the Ontario eleven for the inter-provincial or whatever match will take its place. These are a few of the candidates. Atkinson and Kolgate of Chatham;



Public Guardian—I suppose I ought to have war-r-rned ye that they were goin' to thy some submarine torpedoes from the fort bayant, but it slipped me mind intirely. If ye want yer frind's rinnants ye had better wait aroun' until the nixt tide!—Life.

Ryall and Paget of Paris; Simpson and Trotter of Galt; Beemer, Walker and Bacon of London; Gillespie, Martin and Dean of Hamilton; Garrett and Wheatley of West Toronto Junction; Forrester, Lyon and Bowkett of Rosedale; Berry, Harrison and E. Smith of East Toronto; Leigh, Dean, Clark and Morrison of Parkdale; Goldingham, Terry, Laing, Saunders, Jones, Cameron and Wadsworth of Toronto.

It is said that both Paris and Guelph have written to the Ontario Cricket Association asking that in case there is a match East vs. Western Ontario their grounds be selected as the scene of the contest. If I had a vote I would give it to Paris. There is a town in which cricket is the game for everybody. The town throws its soul right into it. The grounds are the most picturesque in the country, the field good, while Barracough, the ex-professional, is on hand to prepare the finest and truest of wickets. It would boom cricket in the west to play that game at Paris, if played at all.

D. G.
He Was Satisfied.

Country boys who are inclined to think that life in cities is easy and comfortable compared with their daily toil in the country, are apt to find themselves mistaken when they come to town and subject themselves to the high pressure system of business establishments. An amusing example of this sort is related by a country exchange.

A farmer's boy went to the city, finding the work at home rather tiresome, and obtained a situation in a large "family supply" store where a "rushing business" was carried on.

He "took hold" very well and his employers liked him.

They were surprised, however, when he came to them before he had been two months in the store and said:

"Well, Mr. A.—I guess I'll have to get there next Saturday night."

"Get through!" said his employer. "Why, you're gone wrong!"

"Oh, nothing particular."

"Aren't you treated well?"

"First-rate, but I'll tell you just how it strikes me. Up on the farm we used to have the thrashing machine come once a year, and then we thrashed for three days, and you'd better believe we worked hard, but I tell you what, I've been here now seven weeks and you've thrashed every day! I guess I've got enough of it."

He went back to the farm convinced that a farmer's life has its compensations—*Youth's Companion*.

Comical Attempt at Suicide

There is nothing more comical than some of the things that actually occur.

One day last week two men in a boat near Fort Lee on the Hudson saw something on the water that looked like a silk hat. They rowed quite close to it, and saw a white face under the glossy silk hat and a pair of wide staring eyes with an appealing glance.

"Don't come near me, scoundrels. Go away and leave me to my fates. Don't you see I was committing some suicides already?"

The speaker was a good-looking young man who was up to his chin in the water.

"If you want to die," said one of the boatmen, "why don't you go where it is deeper?"

"Don't make funs mid me. I am waiting for de tide to rise. I was tired of life."

The men in the boat tried to persuade the would-be suicide to get into the boat, but he refused, so they dragged him into shallow water. He was shivering with cold and his hands looked as if he had been in the water for hours. He was put in jail temporarily, but refused to answer any questions. An enterprising reporter, however, discovered that his name is Harry Rosenberg. He started a factory on Canal street, and invested considerable money in "Harry Rosenberg's Medicated Wash, 24 carats fine," but it did not sell, hence he determined to put an end to his life.

With the exception of that Texas man who tried to commit suicide with a towel, but came down with a crash, this is the most dismal failure on record.—*Texas Siftings*.

They Were Green

For the sake of realism we will say that the man in this story was Colonel B. of Saginaw, who knows timber almost as well as he knows state politics. Of course it wasn't the colonel, but that doesn't count. In any event, a year or so ago he was down on one of the mountain streams of east Tennessee picking up walnut logs. One day two very green-looking yaps from the hills came into the tavern where he was stopping and asked for him. He happened to be in the office and heard their inquiry.

"I'm your man," he said. "What will you have?"

"We've got a walnut log down here in the creek," said one, "and we want to sell hit. We was goin' ter Knoxville, an pap 'lowed ex we wanted money we could sell the log and git enough ter pay our expenses. Do you want ter buy hit?"

"Take me down to see it," said the Michigan man, and they walked about a quarter of a

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Music.

THE special musical exercises of the World's Fair, may, in many respects be said to have resulted in material failure. Causes over which no control seems to have been possible, have contributed to this unfortunate state of affairs. Visitors to a World's Fair, for the most part, remember that high-class music can be heard at almost any time and are not willing to sacrifice the sights of an Exposition for concerts, etc., which can as well be attended at some other season. The artistic excellence of many of the performers has been beyond dispute, but the general attendance has averaged so small as to prove disheartening to those in charge of the enterprise of properly exhibiting music at the Fair. Naturally Theodore Thomas, the musical director, has come in for much abuse, most of it undeserved, in connection with this regrettable state of affairs. The most absurd of the many charges brought against him, however, is to the effect that he has "persistently and arrogantly ignored the claims of American music." As is usual in such cases the childish cry is heard that nothing but German music, and Wagner at that, is to be heard. A glance at the list of works performed reveals the fact that American composers have had very fair treatment, in fact, more so at times than the merits of their works warranted. Like all liberal and educated conductors, Mr. Thomas has sought only the best, regardless of nationality. In speaking of this matter a contemporary tells the story of an old farmer who used to express his political creed in the statement that, "first he swore by Grenville district, then he held to Pickens county, then went for South Carolina, and believed in the United States, but what God Almighty had made the rest of the world for passed his comprehension." These lofty sentiments are the embodiment of a certain class of patriotism which allows such trivial questions as particular schools or racial hatred to influence the artistic and musical growth of a community. Unfortunately our own Toronto is not entirely free from the narrow soul element which cannot see beyond its own personal environment.

Mr. H. M. Dunham, one of the leading organists in the United States and teacher in the organ department of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, spent several days in the city last week. Mr. Dunham, although still a comparatively young man, numbers among his pupils some of the most successful organists on the continent. His organ recitals in the Hub are a feature of the musical life of that musically progressive city.

The beauty and impressiveness of the music employed in the cathedral services in England have established for the mother land, in this sphere of musical activity, a position far in advance of the general state of affairs in other countries of Europe. Choirs might be mentioned in connection with several continental churches which would hold their own with the best in England, but the general condition of church music in England is justly a matter of pride and encouragement to the nation. The claim is sometimes advanced that in sacrificing so much for the cause of the service of the church, native English composers have become narrow and exclusive, and that the liberal musical development of the country has suffered accordingly. Be this as it may, the unbroken line of English composers, from Tallis and Byrd to Wesley, Stainer and Sullivan, have produced for their country a literature in respect to the musical service of their church which stands entirely upon a pedestal of its own. The plain and painfully stiff service in vogue in some of the most musical of continental nations naturally does not tend to encourage native composers to any special effort in this sphere of composition. True, the beautiful motettes and church works of Palestrina, Bach, Mendelssohn, Hauptmann and others embody the very finest creations of this character ever presented to the church, yet the churches in which they are regularly and efficiently rendered on the continent can be counted upon the fingers of one's hands. This is partly to be accounted for from the extreme difficulty of these compositions and the very high order of excellence necessary in any choir in order to regularly and properly present them. It is satisfactory to note, however, that a greater interest than ever before is being taken in works of this character, not only among newly formed choirs on the continent, and many of the older ones of England, but upon this continent as well in some of the leading churches in the Eastern States.

I have received several letters relative to the recent ludicrous attack upon "Students from Germany," reference to which has been made in SATURDAY NIGHT. All of these communications express amusement at the deplorable plight of the unfortunate mouthpiece of would-be-extinguishers of this local Teutonic element. They also indicate a general feeling of disgust that the undeniably honest success of any class of resident musicians should have generated a feeling of vulgar jealousy such as has been given open expression in a local sheet, which expressions, however, are but the echo of sentiments which unfortunately for the good repute of our musicians as a whole, can be heard in certain quarters here at any time. But for this fact no notice would have been taken of the matter by this journal, the insignificance of the "authority" who caused the publication of the slanderous and ridiculous matter being in itself sufficient to condemn the affair. A second letter from "A German Student" contains a number of extracts from English musical magazines and standard authorities "which would seem to prove that in England, at least, Rubinstein's estimate of the present standing of certain European countries in the higher branches of music is considered to be about correct." Another letter signed "An English Musician" expresses the hope "that the low character of the agitation against a respected portion of our local musicians will not be considered an indication of the general feeling of my countrymen." These letters

would prove interesting reading, but the above extracts embody the spirit of their contents. This journal has no other desire than to see British fair play accorded all classes of resident musicians of whatever school of training. Of course, such an attack as has been made upon students from Germany, encouraged as it has been by local fire-eaters and entrusted to brains which can be contained in a number two hat, is not likely to prove serious or go far towards obliterating any special class however superfluous or dangerous they might be.

The Dominion Organ and Piano Company of Bowmanville had the honor of shipping this week, on order from Sir Francis de Winton of the Duke of York's household, one of their elegant English case organs for the Princess May. This is a distinct honor for Canadian manufacture and a credit to the Dominion Organ and Piano Company who were thus specially favored.

A high tribute to the artistic singing of Miss Lillie Kleiser is to be found in the journals of the Canadian North-West, through which this young popular young soprano is now touring. She is being greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences everywhere and her trip so far has been a succession of triumphs.

The last number of the *Etude* contains an interesting article from the pen of Mr. W. O. Forsyth upon the leading aspects of Thorough and Artistic Study of the Pianoforte. Mr. Forsyth, by the way, has been appointed a teacher on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in the piano department, and begins his duties there in September next.

Mr. E. W. Schuch, the successful vocal instructor, is spending his vacation at Niagara-on-the-Lake, visiting the city weekly in order to take charge of the musical services of St. James on Sundays and meet his summer class of pupils, who have specially registered for a Normal term. The large number of prospective pupils who have already applied for places on Mr. Schuch's list for the coming season would indicate a repetition of his last year's success, a practical tribute to the undeniable excellence of his method as illustrated by a number of his pupils during the past year.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, principal of the Conservatory of Music School of Elocution and teacher of vocal music at the same institute is seeking rest and recreation in Muskoka.

The committee on chorus organization for the coming festival will begin the work of selection at an early date. Applications for membership are being received daily. Full particulars regarding active membership may be had by addressing the secretary on chorus organization, S. T. Church, 2 Wilton crescent. The committee consists of George Musson, (chairman), J. T. Jones, Jas. Hedley and Major Manley.

A meeting of the Canadian Branch of the Church Choir Guild was held in Brantford last week in Grace Episcopal church. This movement has already made considerable headway in Canada, and steps have been taken to hold examinations in Toronto on September 5 and 6 next. A Parish Choir Festival in connection with the movement will be held early in October in Brantford, probably under the direction of Mr. F. G. Rogers, organist of Grace church.

MODERATO.

Ottawa.

Mrs. T. I. Moffatt is visiting Mr. William Argue at Fern Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McCabe are guests at the Grover Hill House, Kemebunkport, Me., for the summer.

Miss Jane Wilson spent a few days with friends at Fern Bank and had a delightful holiday.

Miss Maud and Emma Gilchrist are having a very pleasant time with friends at Marchurst.

Rev. Mr. S. A. Dyke of Toronto will preach in the first Baptist church on Sunday.

Mr. Samuel Faulkner was married at Fern Bank on Wednesday July 19 to the bell of the village, Miss Emma Jane, third daughter of Mr. J. Bradley. After the service the happy couple left for their new home in Ottawa.

Mrs. S. R. Hughes of Toronto is visiting her father, Mr. John Ashfield of 99 Florence street.

Mrs. C. W. Bangs and Miss Bangs are at the Dominion House, Eastman's Springs.

Miss Rosch is visiting friends and having an unusually good time at Kemmore.

Mrs. J. H. Cook and family of Napier street are spending a few weeks at Hog's Back.

Miss McGill des Rivieres is spending some time at the Hon. Mr. J. A. Dorian's, at St. Ours, Que.

Mr. Lorne Hamilton of the Canadian Bank of Commerce is staying at Mrs. Fowler's Bleak House, Melbourne, Que.

Mr. Percy Sherwood, commissioner of the Dominion Police, left on Friday of last week for Kamouraska with his family, where they will remain for the summer months.

Miss Clara Moore is spending her holidays at Shaville.

Mr. John Lee and family are the guests of Mr. Thomas Faulkner of Fern Bank.

Rev. G. M. W. Carey of the First Baptist church preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening last, and left with his daughter, Miss Eleanore Carey, on Thursday for a short vacation before entering upon his new charge in St. John's, N.B.

Mr. A. C. Howe has been elected secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association and Mr. W. E. Hodgins is a member of the committee.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Downing Fripp returned last week from Chicago, where they spent a most delightful week at the World's Fair and visiting Mrs. Fripp's friends and relations.

It is to be hoped that the members of the First Baptist church will patronize the schools of this country and not think it necessary to employ an alien. We unfortunately have more clergymen now in the country than we have funds to support, as a spiritual adviser should be. In making the call to the position vacated by Rev. Mr. Carey, let it be unanimous in favor of a true Canadian and British subject.

Miss Lizzie McKeiver is spending her vacation at Manotick.

Miss L. Barron is having a very pleasant visit at Cacouna.

Mrs. Currier and three children are rustinating at Lake St. John, Que.

Miss C. A. Elliott is spending a few weeks at Cacouna.

Mrs. R. Ferguson is summering with friends at Peak's Island.

Mrs. A. Slater is enjoying the cool and pleasant weather at Fraserville, Que.

Messrs. James and Alexander Isbester are having a few holidays at Fraserville.

Dr. and Mrs. Horsey are visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. Sidney Smith came very near winning the championship of Canada at tennis in Toronto last week. Mrs. Smith was defeated by a Miss Osborne, a lady that is proud of the fact that she lives on a farm and helps in performing the daily duties thereof. Mrs. Smith can console herself with the fact that she was beaten by a superior player, and not by an inferior through a fluke, even if she was defeated by an agriculturist.

Hon. Senators Bowell and Clemow left on Monday for Sault St. Marie to attend the Grand Lodge meeting of the Orange body there this week.

Mr. W. T. Soper, Ottawa's electrical magazine, has built a very handsome summer residence at Rockcliffe.

Mrs. Jennie D. McCusig of Kansas, U. S., a very charming and accomplished young lady, is visiting her uncle, Mr. D. J. McCusig.

Mr. D. M. Fenelle of the Bank of Ottawa and family are summering at Marshall's Bay.

Miss Ethel Foster is spending her holidays at Glen Sanfield the guest of her uncle Mr. H. Dewar.

Mr. Thomas Fuller, chief government architect and family have gone to the Peterboro' lakes for a couple of months.

Mrs. Ida Neely is visiting friends at Dunrobin.

Mrs. Robert Preston is spending a week with friends in Dunrobin.

Mr. T. Cooper Boville has done splendidly at Bisley and should be encouraged by the 43rd Rifles in which regiment he is a lieutenant.

The death of the Hon. Mr. Justice Patterson has cast a gloom over the whole city, Mr. Patterson being a very great favorite.

SCRIBE.

Extract From a Young Wife's Diary.

Monday—"Observed to Charley at the breakfast-table this morning that he thought a change of air would be beneficial to us both. He implied that it would be impossible for him to get away from business at present."

Tuesday—"Ventured to remark that when we took a trip, it would be quite splendid to go to Chicago. He seemed vexed at the renewal of the subject and said quite decidedly that there was no use of talking about it."

Wednesday—"Wrote dear mamma, inviting her to pay us a visit, and requesting an answer by telegraph."

Thursday—"Made no allusion to our going out of town, but followed Charley to the front door and kissed him affectionately as he left."

Friday—"Received a dispatch from dear mamma, saying she would come next week. Left it lying open on the bureau in Charley's room."

Saturday—"Charley says he has arranged his business. We're off to the world's fair by

train Monday morning."

What He Wanted.

Bingo—Hello! here's a letter from Witherry saying there's going to be a dog-fight to-night at Pullem's saloon. A dog-fight! The idea. I wonder if they would lower myself by going to a low-down thing like that. It makes my blood boil to think of such cruelty. Now, I wonder—

Mrs. Bingo—What are you looking for, my dear?

Bingo—Where in thunder is my latch-key?

The Ignorant Public.

Reporter—How do you like acting, Mr. Sullivan?

Sullivan—Out o' sight. It's dead easy; but what knocks me is that the jays in front don't seem to cotton on to it.

No Time to Lose.

Wife—Dear, there is a burglar downstairs.

Husband—Are you sure he is in the house?

Wife—Yes; I can see his lantern.

Husband—Ru-hing for the window—Maria, this fire escape will not hold two.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Social and Personal.*Continued from Page Two.*

The concert was a great success, and about fifty dollars was handed over to the trustees towards the enlargement of the parsonage.

Mr. James Saad and the Misses Sadd of Avenue road have returned from a pleasant visit to the World's Fair.

Old Orchard numbers amongst its visitors the following from Toronto: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gooderham, Miss Gates, Mr. D. T. Symons, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. Austin Smith and Mrs. Percy Greene.

Mrs. James Carruthers returned from Muskoka this week, and left to-day for Old Orchard Beach with her little son.

Mrs. Campbell left to day for Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

The annual regatta and ball at Port Sandfield are fixed for next Wednesday and Thursday, August 9 and 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivens and two children, of Ontario street, left this week for England. Mrs. Ivens has been in delicate health for some time, and it is hoped will derive benefit from the trip. Mr. Eddie Ivens and Mr. T. H. Cramp will camp out in Muskoka during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and sons left for Cape Elizabeth on Tuesday evening.

Next Wednesday and Thursday should witness a happy and joyful gathering at the congress of anglers to be held in memory of Isaac Walton of piscatorial prowess. The congress has selected Niagara-on-the-Lake for their reunion and the meeting is called the Walton Ter-Centenary. Wednesday will be devoted to fishing and other amusements. In the evening a fish dinner will be held in the ball-room of the Queen's Royal Hotel, followed by a smoking concert. Fish stories will be asked for from the assembled anglers, and a comnittee will award a prize to the teller of the best story, without limitation as to its verity or originality. A fly-casting competition, for prizes presented by Mr. Henry Winnett, will take place on Thursday; entries for which close on Wednesday at 9 p.m.

The Circular City Cycle Club of Goderich have gotten out a most original looking programme on rough gray paper for their first annual meet. They guarantee a special good time to their visitors of August 17, and promise the best cycling roads in Canada. Goderich has them, everyone knows.

Professor Botthast of Weisbaden is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor of Florsheim.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan, who have been visiting at Long Branch, have returned home.

Miss Alice Bunting was a guest at the home of Mr. E. S. of Buffalo, when it was destroyed by fire last week.

Dr. Carlyle and family are away for the holidays.

Miss Taylor of Florsheim left yesterday for a visit in Muskoka.

Messrs. Lawrie Boyd, Joe Hughes, W. Ashton Smith and Miller Lash, returned to town last Saturday after a most eventful sail to Penetang in Chancellor Byrd's steam-yacht, Halcyon, in very stormy weather.

Among the many attractive guests at the Queen's Royal are Mrs. Lyon of Toronto and her daughter, Miss Maudie Lyon. Mrs. Lyon is a daughter of Sir Henry Strong of Ottawa, and still retains much of the personal charm which gave her in past years foremost rank among Toronto's brunette beauties.

News comes from Edinburgh that our beautiful and talented professor of elocution, Miss Agnes Knox, has become Mrs. Ebenezer Charlton Black. The marriage took place last Wednesday week, at Auld Reekie.

The usual social Saturday hop at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, last Saturday was the best yet held. One hundred couples from the city attended. The music was grand and the programme an excellent one.

Mr. C. W. Armstrong, of Evans & Sons, was presented on Friday, the 28, with a handsome oak cabinet by the employees of the firm. The principals gave the bridegroom-elect a handsome check at the same time. The presentation was made by Manager Waterhouse, who expressed the good wishes of the firm and employees toward Mr. Armstrong on his contemplated marriage.

Mrs. and Miss Chopitea, who have been at Long Branch for some weeks have gone for a season to Old Orchard Beach.

Mr. John Ogden of Burton-on-Trent has been for some days the guest of his old friend, Mr. John Wright. Mr. Ogden is circumnavigating the globe and has been round the Cape, and visited Australia, New Zealand, Honolulu, San Francisco and Niagara.

Mrs. W. E. Wilson and daughter of 296 Seaton street have returned from Chicago after a five weeks' holiday.

The Summer Hotels.

The following have registered during the week at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe:—Mr. A. Grant of New York, Mr. Geo. M. Montgomery of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cragg of Brooklyn, Mr. W. H. Harvey of Hamilton; Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Miss Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Greene, Mrs. Robert Crean, Mr. Ross Hayter, Mr. Herbert Hayter, Mr. Wm. Stitt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Cragg, Miss S. V. Brompton, the Misses Livingston, Mr. H. H. M. Temple, and Mr. Angus Macdonald of Toronto.

Penangulishene Hotel:—Mr. W. T. Walker of Galt, Mr. C. J. Haigh and family of Detroit, Mr. A. D. Harvey of Hamilton, Mr.

Charles F. Buck and family of New Orleans, Mr. E. Rogerson of Leroy, Dr. H. T. Arnall of Allendale, Mr. S. Fator of New Lowell; Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Annie and Master Harry Ferguson, Mr. F. Norman, Major Rogers, Mr. S. J. Sanford, Mr. John Devine, Mr. A. L. Sanders, Mr. B. McPhee, Mr. A. Woods and Mr. H. A. Kortright of Barrie; Dr. Thorburn, Mr. Robert Hodge, Mr. Thos. Casimere, Mr. H. O. Boulton, Mr. W. D. Matthews and family, Mr. T. H. Morrison, Mr. Thrift Burnsides, Mr. A. Munro Grier, Mrs. Wyatt, Capt. Gilpin Brown, Mrs. L. B. Boulton, Miss Macdonald, Miss Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. Stephen Haus, Mr. F. Nicholls, Mr. H. W. Evans, Mr. L. C. Laishley, Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kappelle with nurse and children, Mrs. M. B. Hayes, and Mr. J. H. Macdonald and family of Toronto.

Maplehurst Hotel:—General and Mrs. Hauldin of Peterboro'; Mr. J. A. McPherson and family of Hamilton, Mrs. M. Rogers and child of Cleveland, Mr. H. B. Slavin of New York, Mr. M. Slavin and Mr. A. J. Slavin of Orillia. Miss Argos of Ferguson; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Irish, Miss M. A. Wilkie, Mr. Arthur Wilkie, Miss Homer Dixon, Miss K. Dixon, Miss J. Dixon, Mrs. R. H. Dalton, Mrs. J. L. Brodie, Miss Edith Brodie, Miss Ethel Brodie, Master W. G. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Berham, Messrs. J., George and Douglas Berham, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Birkett-Jones, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gibbs, Mrs. and Miss Bonnell, Mr. Ernest M. Crakon, Miss M. Crakon, and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry of Toronto.

Prospect House, Port Sandfield:—Judge and Mrs. Dawson, Rev. Richard Graham of Columbus, O., Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. J. B. Fairgrave and Mrs. K. McKenzie of Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Otto Landmann, and Miss Susie Friss of Toledo, O., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lindsay of Milton; Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. Robert Baldwin, Mrs. Major Mason and family, Mr. F. T. Phillips and family, Mr. G. C. Biggar, Mr. A. W. Ballantyne, Mr. Napier Robinson, Mr. Osborne Brooke, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Brown, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Jas. Carruthers, Miss M. Jenner, Mr. Robert Hodge, Mrs. C. Maddison and family, and Mr. R. W. Cooley of Toronto.

Among the guests at Ferndale House, Muskoka, are: Mr. and Mrs. John Labatt, family and nurse, Miss McDonough, Mrs. Maurice Baldwin and daughter, Miss and Miss Margaret Scatcherd of London, Capt. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mr. and Mrs. Finlay and family of Hamilton, Mrs. John Farley, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Travers of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty and child, Miss Wood, Miss Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Frei Gundy, Mr. and Mrs. Blackhall and family, Mr. W. Oxley, Mr. Webber, of Toronto, Mr. and Miss Pierce, Miss Fennell of Berlin; the Misses Ridgeway of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Nation, family and nurse of Brandon, Man.

Hotel Chautauqua:—Mrs. George Harman and family, Mrs. C. C. Bains and family, Mrs. Sprague and family, Miss Morgan, Rev. J. H. Starr, Misses Mary and Annie Hagarty, Mrs. A. H. Wright and family, Mr. Thomas McMillan, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Charles Lyons, Mr. W. Nixon, Mr. Percy Welby, Mr. Davidson Harman, Rev. A. Langford, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Miss H. Saunders, Mrs. A. Effingham, Mrs. Mason, Miss Edith Mason, Miss Dack, Rev. Arthur Manning, Mr. John Wright, Mr. Walter Wright, Mrs. A. R. Williams, Miss Bertha Williams, Miss Cassie Wills, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Murney, Mr. Joe Blakely and wife of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. M. Knau, Miss Stella Knau, Miss Cora Knau of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Fraser and children, Mr. Henry Percy, Niagara Falls, Miss Webster New York, Mrs. Rushton Foster and son of New Orleans.

Hotel Louise, Lorne Park:—Mr. A. B. English, Mr. J. C. Crofton, Miss Edwards, Mr. A. G. Crawford, Miss N. Hurst, Mr. R. Holdon, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Park, Mr. Herbert McLellan, Mr. D. Cross, Mrs. C. H. Henderson, Mr. J. Armstrong, Mr. J. Sharkey, Mr. A. Byron, Mr. I. Weldon, Mrs. R. M. A. Payne, Mr. E. W. Evans, Rev. Hunt, Mr. S. H. Laughlin, Mr. Fletcher and wife, Mr. R. A. Souter, Miss Anderson of Guelph, Mr. George Sinclair, Mrs. E. Fielding, Miss A. Fielding, Mr. Bruce Brough, Mr. M. Johnson, Mrs. Wiggle and daughter, Master Bertie Brown, Mr. F. W. Rathbone, Mr. J. Edwards, Mr. A. H. Harris, Mr. George Gorrie, Mr. B. C. Ross, Mr. T. Lucas, Miss D. Gooderham, Miss Madeline, Miss Rowland, Mr. B. E. Wood, M.D., of London, Mr. A. R. Thompson, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. E. B. Fielding, Mr. Joseph Whyte, Mrs. W. R. Holden, Miss Hill, Mr. J. Whatmough, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. C. H. Henderson, Mr. George Johnston, Mr. L. Rosenthal, Mr. James Sinclair, Mr. C. Yates, Mr. A. Gillis of Montreal, Mr.

McPHERSON'S WEEDING - OUT SALE
Never Were Such Tidy Shoes Offered Before at Sale Prices.
Mail Orders Filled
McPHERSON 186 Yonge 186 Open Saturday Nights
HOUSEKEEPER
A widowed lady, with boy of six, desires position as housekeeper. Educated; competent; references. Address HOUSEKEEPER, SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE
Oakland Park, Tobin's Island, Muskoka
Address—JOSEPH TOBIN, Oakland Park.

FOSTER AND PENDER EXHIBITION DAYS **FOSTER AND PENDER**

CARPETS CURTAINS • DRAPINGS RUGS

THE special daily display of new goods in the newest designs have been followed with such pleasing results, both to visitors and ourselves, that we shall continue them for another week. The exhibits comprise many exclusive patterns, just brought out by leading designers, and not to be found in any other carpet or curtain house in Toronto.

Foster & Pender
Toronto's New Carpet House
14 & 16 King St. East

Choicest ... Shoes**UNQUESTIONED WORTH****MAKE UP****McPHERSON'S WEEDING - OUT SALE**

Never Were Such Tidy Shoes Offered Before at Sale Prices.

Foster & Co.'s World's Famous Fashions will be sold during this sale at \$1.03 less than in their home—Chicago, viz., \$3.97.

Mail Orders Filled
McPHERSON 186 Yonge 186 Open Saturday Nights

HOUSEKEEPER

A widowed lady, with boy of six, desires position as housekeeper. Educated; competent; references. Address HOUSEKEEPER, SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE
Oakland Park, Tobin's Island, Muskoka
Address—JOSEPH TOBIN, Oakland Park.

ENDORSED BY THE MUSICAL PROFESSION**Great Durability****Latest Designs****Moderate Prices****Old Pianos Exchanged****BELL PIANO WAREROOMS - - 107 YONGE STREET**

In connection with Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Store.
East side, below Adelaide Street.

**Facts**

It is a fact that KENT BROS. have sold their premises and are retiring from business.

It is a fact that they are selling the whole of their valuable stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, BRONZES, SPECTACLES, OPERA GLASSES, &c., at a REDUCTION OF 25 to 50 PER CENT.

It is a fact that they are selling cheaper than any other house in the trade.

It is a fact that it will pay every intending purchaser to visit their establishment before buying.

KENT BROS. - MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS
168 Yonge Street, Toronto
N.B.—Store closes at 1 p.m. Saturdays during August

DUCHESS OF OXFORD RANGES

Are a Grand Success. Are Sold on their Merits.

**... THESE RANGES ...**

Have the Largest Oven
Are the Most Economical
Are the Greatest Water Heaters
Are the Handsomest in the Market.

OUR PATENT DOUBLE OVEN FLUE

Insures a Quick Working Oven with smallest consumption of fuel.

SOLD BY THE FOLLOWING CITY AGENTS:
Wheeler & Bain 119 King Street E.
Geo. Boxall 295 Yonge Street
W. H. Sparrow 87 Queen Street
W. J. Mallorran 290 Queen Street
Hobbs & Sons 304 Queen Street
A. Welch 619 Queen Street
Joseph Harrington 1434 Queen Street
B. Hobbs 1434 Queen Street
MANUFACTURED BY
The GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY, Toronto
Show Room—500 King Street West.

**To My Patrons and the Public generally:**

Having just received a large consignment of light summer goods for the coming warm weather suitable for Tennis and Boating, would ask your inspection, as they are undoubtedly the finest assortment of these goods ever imported to this country. An early call will give you first choice.

Henry A. Taylor

Stanway & Bayley

42 Front Street East - - Toronto

Queen's Royal Hotel**NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE**

A charming spot to avoid the heat of the dog days and enjoy the delights of a pleasant watering place. Thermometer on the hotel lawn has not registered above 72 degrees this season.

SPECIAL HOPS**Kuhn's Famous Orchestra of Female Vocalists**

Special rate of \$2.50 Saturday to Monday, including return fare to Niagara. Navigation Company's splendid steamer. Tickets at Queen's Hotel, Toronto.

Greatly reduced rates for two weeks or longer.

Anglers' Conference Aug. 9. Tennis Tournament begins Aug. 29. H. WINNETT, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The following registered at the Queen's Royal last Saturday: Mr. W. W. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Miss Parsons, Mr. W. R. Smith, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wood, Mr. Thos. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. and Miss Beatty, Mr. Allan McLean and Miss McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mrs. Edward, Mr. E. C. and Mr. J. Gordon Jones, Mrs. Winn and Miss Leya of Toronto, Mrs. Meadowcroft of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cameron and Mr. A. W. Barnard of Hamilton, Mr. E. A. Kent, Mr. W. B. Hull, Mr. Porter G. Willett, Mr. Ira B. Moulton, Mr. Henry E. Warner, Mr. Charles Butman, Mrs. Jas. Butman, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Buckherd, Mr. E. Wilson, Mr. Knowlton, Mr. Henry E. Grant, Mr. W. H. Roblin, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Fryer of Buffalo, Miss M. E. Thompson of Colorado Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Packard of Niagara Falls, Miss Macklem of Niagara Falls, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Scadding of Toledo, the Misses Joseph of Toronto.

Miss Dupont of Toronto was the guest this week of Mrs. J. Gibb.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Syer arrived at the Anchorage on Friday of last week.

Dr. J. Baldwin, who has been so ill for the past few weeks, was able to be out again this week.

Mr. A. and Miss Colquhoun were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter last Sunday.

Mrs. Kallally of Morrisburg is stopping with the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray at the Rectory.

Mr. Allen Anderson, who has been spending his holidays in town, returned to Merriton last Saturday.

Miss Hodgins returned from Lakefield last week.

Miss Andrews of New York is the guest of Mrs. Chittenden of Riverside.

A very good cricket match was played on Friday of last week between the Chautauqua and Niagara teams, resulting in a victory for Niagara.

Mr. Arthur Gibb returned to New Haven on Wednesday of last week after a five days' visit here.

Mr. Wyndham Strathy was among the visitors in town last Sunday.

Mr. Ebbs gave a most enjoyable recital at the Amphitheater last Wednesday evening, at which he was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ramsey, Miss M. Huston and Mr. T. Baker.

Mrs. Winnett has every reason to be proud of the result of her efforts last week in getting up a bazaar in aid of the Industrial room, Toronto. The extensive and prettily terraced lawns at the Queen's, which under all circumstances are beautiful, were unusually attractive with the gaily decked booths, at which useful and fancy articles, home-made candles, which rivaled Huyle's, and various other wares were offered for sale. And a ready sale they found, for numbers were present and everyone seemed in a generous humor, whether because of the sweet importunity of those who sold or the natural kind-heartedness of the willing victims it is difficult to say.

A concert and tableau vivant in the evening at which Miss Mitchell of Baltimore, Miss Edith Heward, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ramsey, the Misses Winnett, Mr. W. Ferguson, Miss Henderson and a number of pretty little tots assisted greatly to the large sum taken in during the afternoon. Thanks to Mrs. Winnett's efforts, and also to the many guests of the hotel who assisted her, the Industrial room will receive over a hundred dollars.

The following are a few of those present at last Saturday's hop at the Queen's: Mr. and Mrs. McGraw, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. Porter Willett, Miss Hyde of Warsaw, Mr. C. and Miss Daisy Lansing, Mr. J. Gibb, Miss Dupont, Miss E. Jones, Mrs. Watts Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Mr. and Miss Colquhoun, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Miss Daisy and Mr. Louis McMurray, Mr. H. Watt, Mr. and the Misses Geddes, Miss Burnham, Mrs. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. E. and Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. Cawthra, Miss Beatty, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and the Misses Kingemill, Mr. W. Ferguson, Miss Milroy, Mrs. Hodgins, Miss Cameron, Miss Ley, the Misses Heward, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. H. Warner, Mr. Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. Colin Milroy, Mr. E. Kent, Mr. W. Hull, Mrs. Winn, Mr. M. Roblin, Mr. F. Gordon, Mr. H. E. Grant, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert of Baltimore, Capt. R. G. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Miss M. Geale, Mr. Allan McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Packard, Mr. E. Jones, Miss M. Thompson, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mr. I. Moulton, Mr. T. Wood, Miss Parsons, Mr. A. Barnard, Mr. Charles Butman, Mr. J. Hoy, Mr. Nelles, Mr. Kee, Miss K. Ball, Miss Hyde, a very pretty blonde who was much admired, wore white crepe de chine, with her golden hair coiled in a low, loose knot; Mrs. Winnett, very handsome gown of black lace and jet; Miss Geddes, pink nuns' veiling and white lace; Miss Heward, a very handsome and most becoming gown, which came from the world of fashion on the other side of the Atlantic. It was of pink silk crepe, handsomely embroidered in pale blue, over a pink silk petticoat. Miss Beatty, a dark blue yachting suit trimmed in a distinctively military fashion with wide gold military braid; Miss Mabel Meredith, lavender silk; Mrs. Ball, cherry-colored silk trimmed with violet velvet; Miss Daisy Lansing, white dotted muslin; Mrs. Gibb, black and white china silk; Miss Russell, white silk, with a Frenchy little white hat; Miss Kingsmill, who also wore her hat, was in blue and white; Miss Burnham wore a very pretty gown of silky material, in shade something between ashes of roses, and a pale green shot with peach pink; Miss Cameron, white silk.

Miss Hyde of Warsaw is the guest of Miss Lansing.

The comfortable little Lakeside Hotel, so prettily situated in its nest of trees close to the water's edge at Chautauqua, is becoming quite a favorite nook under Mr. Halliday's capable management. On one side of it is a thick, quiet wood, and more than once, to the amusement of the guests, a voice, heavy with tragedy or trembling with pathos, has proceeded from its depths, where a holidaying actor or a nerv-

ous elocutionist has rehearsed his part before giving it to a critical audience.

Mr. J. Gale Dickson will sail for England on the Vancouver to-morrow. GALATEA.

Brookville.

A very pleasing event which had been looked forward to in society circles with great interest took place on Wednesday, July 26, when Miss Bertha Field, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. A. Field, was united in marriage to Mr. A. D. Passmore, B.A. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Dr. Saunders at Hartford Place, the beautiful residence of the bride's mother, in the presence of only the immediate relatives. The bride, who is a general favorite, looked charming in her robe de noce, and was attended by her sister, Miss Grace Field, as bridesmaid, while the duties of groomsman were performed by Mr. S. F. Passmore, M.A., of Brantford, brother of the bridegroom. After the wedding there was a reception from 8.30 to 10.30 at which about one hundred and fifty invited guests, comprising the youth and beauty of Brookville society, were present. Amid hearty congratulations and good wishes the young couple left for the west by the midnight train while dancing and mirth continued at the house till the hours of morning. The wedding presents were unusually numerous and pretty.

Port Dover.

This favorite summer resort is becoming more popular every season. The hotels are well filled as well as private boarding houses, while the cottages on Mart Hill and in Victoria Park and at Orchard Beach present a regular holiday appearance. Among those in cottages on Mart Hill are: Mrs. Wair and family and Mrs. and Miss Passmore of Brantford, Mrs. C. S. Mason and family of Hamilton, Mrs. and the Misses Wood of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Charles of Woodstock, the Misses Parker, Patallo, Ross, White and Cameron of Woodstock, Mr. G. Wells and family of Simcoe, Mrs. Fraser and family of London. At Victoria Park are Mr. A. D. Ellis and family of Simcoe, Mrs. O'Neill and family, Mrs. Morrison and family, of Woodstock, and Mr. William Trotter of Toronto.

An excursion to Erie by the steamer Columbia is being arranged for about August 7.

The Presbyterian Sunday schools of Woodstock had a large picnic at Orchard Beach last Monday. There were nine car loads.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowdry and family of Simcoe are in their summer cottage.

Mr. Ward Sovereign of Wisconsin is spending his holidays here.

Mrs. P. H. Gamble of Grimsby is spending a short time at home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Crawford of Toronto are at Mrs. Wilson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt and family of Brantford are summering here.

Col. Tisdale of Simcoe is in town.

Thornbury.

Miss Carrie Tyson, an honor graduate of Ontario College of Music, will leave shortly for Leipzig, Germany, where she will spend a couple of years in the pursuit of her studies, under the instruction of some of the best masters of Europe.

Mrs. B. B. Johnston of Vancouver, B. C., is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Andrews.

About three miles east of here is Delphi, one of the most popular family summer resorts of Northern Ontario. There are about one hundred guests there now, and festivities are at their highest, dances, straw rides and fishing expeditions following in rapid succession. Among the guests from Toronto at Delphi are: Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Monahan, Mrs. Alljoe, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. M. R. Pringle, Mrs. A. E. Minkler, Mr. and Mrs. Langley Senell, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Curry, Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton. From other places are Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bryan, Mrs. J. B. West, Mrs. Red, Mrs. Halliday of New Orleans; Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Shearer, Miss McBean, Miss Edgar of Hamilton.

Mrs. Farewell gave a delightful progressive euchre party to a number of guests on Friday evening of last week, in honor of Mrs. N. M. Stanley of Dayton, Ohio. After a pleasant two hours spent at the euchre tables in Mrs. Farewell's prettily decorated parlors, a dainty supper was served. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. R. Crossland, Mrs. B. B. Johnston of Vancouver, Mr. and Mrs. Boettlinger, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Dyre, Mrs. G. B. Armstrong, Misses Ida and Lilly Grier, Miss Chatteau of Toronto, Miss Beatty, Miss Cooke, Dr. Kent, Messrs. Will Howe, C. T. Wilgress and A. S. Cross.

Mrs. J. E. Hutton and Miss Young have



Who Said Nestle's Food?

Events fed on NESTLE'S FOOD are remarkably exempt from all forms of Summer Complaint. Consult your own family physician about this important fact.

Sample mailed free on application.

Thos. Leeming & Co., Montreal.

returned from their summer resort at Windermere, Muskoka. They were accompanied by Miss Stevenson of Aurora, who will be the guest of Miss Young for some weeks.

Miss Chatteau of Toronto is the guest of the Misses Grier.

VACUNA.

She Wasn't In It

As the train robber entered the car all the male passengers promptly held up their hands. A woman seated near the door held hers up too. When the bandit noticed it he said:

"Put 'em down, Mary; we ain't advertising no actresses this trip."

Overheard at the Island.

Rolling (of the T. A. C.)—Are you fond of athletics, Mr. Beedle?

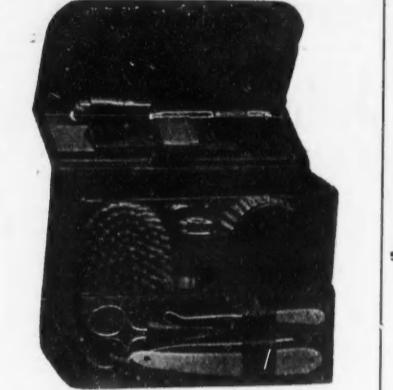
Beedle—Passionately. I beat Willie Castans four out of five games of checkers last week, and when I go back I've got two events with the dominoes to fight off.

Extra Hazardous

"Suppose you let me write you a policy on your new building?"

Why, my dear sir, that structure is absolutely fire-proof.

"I'm glad you told me. My company wouldn't care to touch it, in that case."



A FASHIONABLE DRESSING CASE

We have been advertising a number of Travelling Bags that are fashionable this season, and congratulate ourselves that by the number sold we have hit the popular taste.

To make the bags complete both Ladies and Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to carry one of our Dressing Cases (similar to illustration) with them when making their visit to the WORLD'S FAIR or going to one of the various seaside resorts so much frequented at this season. Cases are fitted to suit either Lady or Gentlemen.

We always have in stock the largest assortment of both home-made and imported Trunks, Bags and Valises to be found in America, and will be glad to show same to any of our friends who will favor us with a call.

Our stock of Travelling Bags has been greatly reduced by recent sales! We have cabled repeat orders, and will receive goods during ensuing week.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West

Matchings

MR. IRVING leaves for England AUG. 16 and will give his personal attention to all orders for matchings of Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, Glassware, &c.

JUNOR & IRVING

Telephone 2127

109 King Street West • • • Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WOODLAND—July 29, Mrs. Joshua Woodland—a son.

BARTON—July 29, Mrs. Alfred Barton—a daughter.

FRASER—July 29, Mrs. James Fraser—a son (stillborn).

RADCLIFFE—July 31, Mrs. Randolph Radcliffe—a daughter.

BAKER—July 31, Mrs. George Baker—a son.

EDMONDS—July 19, Mrs. Charles Edmonds—a daughter.

MAGANN—July 25, Mrs. G. P. Magann—a son.

BYERS—July 26, Mrs. Fred T. Byers—a son.

CARLTON—July 26, Mrs. John Carlton—a son.

KENNEDY—July 21, Mrs. D. Kennedy—a son.

CAVELL—July 26, Mrs. W. R. Cavell—a son.

Marriages.

BLACK—July 29, Mr. Joshua Black—a son.

BARTON—July 29, Mrs. Alfred Barton—a daughter.

FRASER—July 29, Mrs. James Fraser—a son (stillborn).

RADCLIFFE—July 31, Mrs. Randolph Radcliffe—a daughter.

LAWRENCE—HARRIS—July 27, William Lawrence to Lucy Harris.

RYAN—WOODS—July 29, John Ryan to Annie Woods.

LANCASTER—GRAY—July 29, W. F. Lancaster to May Pearl Gray.

ROSS—SHIELDS—July 25, W. P. Ross to Maggie Shields.

RICHARDSON—WESTLAKE—July 30, Hugh Richardson to Jessie Westlake.

ARMSTRONG—BRODIE—July 31, Charles W. Armstrong to Violet Brodie.

SHIPLEY—REID—July 16, William E. Sharpe to Margaret Reid.

SUTHERLAND—GREENLESS—Aug. 1, J. H. Sutherland to Lucy Greenless.

Deaths.

GRIFFIN—Aug. 1, Margaret Griffin.

LEY—July 31, Thomson Ley, aged 66.

ARMSTRONG—BRODIE—July 31, Charles W. Armstrong, aged 78.

DILL—July 29, William M. Dill, aged 14.

MILROY—July 21, Robert Milroy.

REEVE—July 31, Mrs. Sarah Reeve, aged 81.

SCOTT—July 31, Ethel Carrie Scott.

GARLICK—July 31, Mrs. Garlick.

GARLICK—July 31, Mrs. F. Garlick, aged 80.

CAMERON—July 21, Alexander C. Cameron, aged 29.

MCDONALD—July 27, Margaret H. McDonald.

WADE—July 27, Jessie Wade.

MAKIN—July 29, William Makin.

PARKER—July 19, Mrs. Anna Parker.